

THE CAPEL LETTERS, 1814-1817



LADY CAROLINE CAPEL (age 21)
and MISS HARRIET CAPEL (age 1)

The CAPEL LETTERS

*Being the
Correspondence of Lady Caroline Capel
and her daughters
with the Dowager Countess of Uxbridge
from Brussels and Switzerland*

1814-1817

edited by

THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY, F.S.A.

With an Introduction by
SIR ARTHUR BRYANT



JONATHAN CAPE
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A.

March 1955

INTRODUCTION

THE editor of this fascinating correspondence is the great great grandson of the Lord Uxbridge who commanded the British cavalry at Waterloo and, in the course of the battle, had the famous conversation with Wellington about the loss of his leg. Lord Uxbridge, who after the battle was created Marquess of Anglesey, was one of the half-dozen or so most brilliant cavalry commanders in our history, and, had it not been for a rather too hussar-like elopement with Wellington's sister-in-law, which prevented him from serving under that commander in the Peninsula, would almost certainly have become even more famous than he is. As one of his nieces put it: 'A Charge of Cavalry was nothing without Lord Uxbridge at the head of it!'

The first Marquess had another claim on the gratitude of posterity. He was the centre, and chief hero, of a family with a remarkable gift for letter-writing, and who left behind them in their correspondence a most vivid picture of the times in which they lived. To that picture the present Lord Anglesey has made a notable addition by the discovery and publication of the letters of his ancestor's sister, Caroline Capel, and her family of pretty daughters. As many of their letters were written during the Hundred Days and as one of the places from which they were written was a *château* a few miles from the battlefield of Waterloo, the discovery is of considerable importance. Not only does the correspondence contain

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one of the most vivid of all contemporary letters about Waterloo — a most exciting one written by Lady Caroline while the fate of the battle was still in the balance — but, as the young ladies, her daughters, were much admired by Wellington's senior officers, it throws some interesting light on several of the principal figures in the campaign. 'There is nothing', she wrote, 'so convenient as a Military Friend — they smooth all difficulties', particularly, she might have added, if they are generals!

The correspondence gives the most graphic account I have read of the social background against which Waterloo was fought and of the dreadful scenes and sights in the Belgian capital that followed the battle. It contains, too, at least one new and characteristic story about Wellington which seems to me to possess the authentic touch. Yet its chief attraction to the ordinary reader will be its revelation of human nature and its picture of human relationships. What could be finer than the account of Lord Uxbridge during the amputation of his leg, never moving or complaining, and then, when the dreadful operation was over, saying with a smile to the surgeon, 'I have had a pretty long run, I have been a Beau these 47 years, and it would not be fair to cut the young out any longer'. Or what more touching than Georgiana's comment: 'Papa's illness makes me more than ever pity *Batchelors*; for after all, what is so kind, so useful as a woman, and what miserable helpless wretches men are without them, if they require any sort of comfort or attendance.' 'We are in love', writes her sister, Harriet, 'with General Ferguson. He is just the age when people (that is to say *Men*) begin to grow moving — he is two or three and forty — very

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handsome, very pale, and lame from a wound he received — and his manners perfect — and to crown all a *widower*.' Poor Harriet's subsequent love affair with the dashing and melancholy Dutch Baron — another military gentleman of dangerous age — and her father's duel with that impecunious philanderer might have come out of *Sense and Sensibility*. Indeed no one can read this book without realizing even more strongly than before how exquisitely Jane Austen portrayed nature in her art. For here, in real life, and painted by themselves, is a family about which she might have written.

ARTHUR BRYANT

EDITOR'S NOTE

THERE is an almost total lack of punctuation in most of the letters, and I have had no scruples in adding what was necessary in the way of punctuation marks to render the text more easily readable. The standard of spelling is no higher than in other letters of the period, but, except for the sake of uniformity or clarity, I have not altered the spelling which occurs in the originals; nor have I replaced capital letters with small ones, for in many cases the use of a capital letter at the beginning of a word was intended to give emphasis to it.

In all, Caroline and her daughters wrote some 150 letters to Lady Uxbridge, many of great length; only a small proportion of the whole has, of course, been used, for there is a large part which is repetitive or of purely family interest.

A.

THE CAPEL LETTERS, 1814-1817

PROLOGUE

A YOUNG friend¹ of the Hon. Arthur Paget, retailing to him the gossip of London in 1791, wrote of his sister, Caroline Paget, and her future husband: 'Capel and your Sister seem to have quite cut. I believe he suffered a good deal at first but he seems to have got the better of it.' And, three weeks later: 'Capel is in black Despair and I see still greatly in Love with Lady Caroline, though they have not spoken for a long Time — poor fellow, I pity him.'²

The black despair did not last long, for on April 2nd, 1792, the Hon. John Thomas Capel, aged twenty-two, second son of the Earl of Essex,³ took as his wife the Lady Caroline Paget, aged eighteen, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Uxbridge. What would otherwise have been a highly successful marriage (there resulted from it three sons and ten daughters) was marred by Capel's weakness for the 'Green Table': a weakness which was to embarrass him and his family for the rest of his life. We find his mother-in-law, the Countess of Uxbridge, twelve years after the wedding, writing in dismay to her son Arthur: 'My heart is almost broke upon a subject that you are no Stranger to, tho' you are to the Extent and dreadful Consequences that must ensue. You had not left this Country many days [he had gone to Vienna as British Ambassador] before I was made acquainted by Lady Essex [Capel's mother] and her Lawyer of the Magnitude of [Capel's] debt, amounting (I tremble to name it) to £20,000.

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Neither Ways nor Means to be found to discharge craving Creditors &c.' In these circumstances Lord Essex⁴ behaved towards his spendthrift step-brother as many a similarly placed man before and since; in short he would not help him except 'upon conditions of his own'. These almost certainly included the removal of Capel's children (especially the son and heir, Arthur, who had been born two years earlier) from their parents' care,⁵ which, of course, 'at present Caroline won't listen to'.⁶

Though, on an average, every eighteen months saw an addition to their family, the Capels somehow managed to avoid bankruptcy for the next ten years. Through the influence and interest of Lord Uxbridge (and, after his death, of his son), Caroline Capel's husband obtained two minor sinecure posts — a 'Collectorship in Staffordshire' and a similar job in British Guiana.⁷ These, of course, helped, but the saving factor was the munificence of old Lady Uxbridge, under whose roof they stayed more often than not. Naturally enough, it was irksome to the Capels to feel so constantly indebted to the old lady, and even as early as the beginning of 1800, four years before the full extent of Capel's debt was known, Caroline, in spite of the war, had contemplated going abroad where the cost of living was much lower. Her brother Arthur had been applied to through their mother to try to discover a possible place. From Austria he wrote: 'I have seen some people lately come from Italy . . . No part of that Country is at this moment in a sufficiently secure & tranquil state to make it eligible, or even practicable with safety, for a family to reside there. . . . There is (either) anarchy, assassination &c., (or) all the bustle & inconvenience

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attending the presence of an Army.' He considered it 'a mad project' for the Capels to go there. If they were 'decidedly bent upon going abroad', there was scarcely 'a cheaper place than Dresden, or a place where there is so little inducement to incur expense, but the necessary expenses of life are augmented there, nearly in the same proportion as in England. In the environs . . . there are, I fancy, country Houses to be had at a moderate rate, and as my friend Capel must have Game, he will find it there'.

But they never went to Dresden, nor did they even leave England during the short-lived peace which followed the treaty of Amiens, two years later. They were undoubtedly wise, but it was a long wait, and it must have been with feelings of the greatest relief that they heard the news of the Allied Sovereigns' entry into Paris in March 1814.

On April 4th Napoleon abdicated, and on the 22nd Lady Uxbridge (now the Dowager Countess, for her husband had died two years before) was writing to Arthur: 'What a wonderful interposition of Providence to have brought about the late Events in the Way they have been! To think that a Month ago the Monster might have had the Kingdom of France, and that he is now reduced to the State of Pauper, fills the mind with astonishment. I think they have granted him a great deal too much, he ought not to have the Means of doing farther mischief.'

Capel immediately started the search for a suitable house abroad where they could live 'on an economical plan'. 'They cannot get a House at the Hague,' wrote his mother-in-law, 'which is unlucky, as every article of living

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is remarkably cheap there. They now think of Brussels. It is an object to them not to have a long Land Journey, otherwise there are parts of France, that I dare say would be eligible. Capel would have gone to Brussels last week to procure a House, but many Foreigners, and others, advised waiting a little while. . . . We must make up our Minds to losing many of our friends; they will all fly to the Continent, and probably increase the Expence of Living so much, that those whom necessity drives there, it will not answer to in point of Economy. . . .'

The approaching separation between mother and daughter, who had scarcely been parted from each other for the forty-one years of Caroline's life, was hard to bear. 'I believe it would be more wise, both on Caroline's and my own account,' wrote Lady Uxbridge, 'if we were not so much together under the present unhappy Circumstances, but I have not resolution to resist the impulse of my heart.'¹⁰

Brussels was finally settled upon, and on June 4th, 1814, after many heart-rending farewells, the Capels set out on their journey to Dover.

The following chapters are based, in the main, upon the hitherto unpublished letters of Caroline Capel and her elder daughters, written from Brussels and elsewhere to old Lady Uxbridge.¹¹ They cover a period of almost three years — from the arrival at Dover in June 1814, to February 1817, when Caroline wrote the last letter before her mother's death on March 9th.

The chief interest of the correspondence lies in the fact that the writers chanced to be at the seat of great events

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at a moment in history of the widest consequence. Further, through social status and family relationship, the Capels were in close touch with some of the leading actors in the drama which they were privileged to witness. Caroline's father had been an intimate friend of George III and Queen Charlotte, and her eldest brother commanded the Allied Cavalry at Waterloo. It was as natural that Royal Dukes in their travels abroad should call on the Capels as it was that Wellington's Generals should court their daughters.

Of almost equal interest is the picture presented of the intimate life of a not unrepresentative English upper-class family in the early years of the nineteenth century. The Capels' reactions to foreigners and their ways, their certainty that Englishmen are superior beings and that their particular class is supreme — all these fit into a familiar pattern. Well illustrated is the exaggerated importance attached in the nineteenth century to the possession of wealth; many people of the Capels' class would have nothing to do with a family that had fallen so financially low as they had. (A marked improvement in this respect took place, however, once the society of London had been exchanged for that of Brussels.)

Caroline's letters are eloquent on the great efforts required to keep up a social position which was perpetually menaced by lack of funds. Constantly alluded to are the problems presented by an increasing number of impoverished daughters of marriageable age: Caroline was constantly afraid (as in one case so tragically occurred¹¹) that penniless bounders, for lack of more eligible suitors, would appeal to them. But all these are minor perplexities

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compared with the major tragedies of life and death, peace and war, which fill the foreground of the picture.

The reader of these pages sees and feels the happenings in the Capels' lives, much as Lady Uxbridge did sitting in her widow's weeds, a little white lace cap on her head, either in her house at Surbiton, or staying with one of her numerous sons and daughters¹³ scattered all over the kingdom. One can see her anxiously scanning the latest letters from her beloved Caroline, and eagerly sitting down at her writing table to pen in her neat, concise hand words of advice or commiseration, praise or gentle rebuke; undertaking to execute commissions for her daughter, to take her elder sons (who were left at school in England) for the holidays, or (and this frequently) to lend her money.

What was this fine old lady really like? We know from her pictures that she was petite, and rather bird-like (she described her nose as 'Gothic'); we know, too, that she was a very pious woman and greatly attached to her husband¹⁴ and children. It is regrettable that her letters to Caroline have not survived, but one can get a vivid idea of her character from those she wrote to her son Arthur,¹⁵ and from the exemplary neatness of her household accounts,¹⁶ kept always in her own hand.

Four of her seven sons attained distinction,¹⁷ and they doubtless owed much of their success to their mother's example and upbringing; while, of her five daughters, three married peers.¹⁸

The years immediately following Napoleon's downfall

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in 1814 are as fascinating as any in history. The extraordinary transformation of Europe and its peoples, which had begun so violently with the Revolution twenty-five years before, was now almost complete. The eighteenth century had died in raging convulsions, and the nineteenth had emerged in its place, supreme, if not yet serene.

It is hard for us, who are accustomed to wars which are short if sharp, to conceive the fullness of relief occasioned by the ending of a conflict that had dragged on for twenty-one years. When the fanatical armies of the Revolution first swarmed across France's northern frontiers, the men who were to lead their nations in final victory or defeat were as yet unheard of; while a young cornet of eighteen who had fought under the noble Duke of York in Flanders, if he had survived, would now be just short of forty. Trafalgar had been fought and won, and Nelson killed, nearly nine years before.

The cost to England of sustaining herself and subsidizing her Allies had been prodigious and, in result, had meant a gradual but certain increase in the prices of nearly every commodity. This had even affected the upper ranks of society; coupled with the rapid advance of the Industrial Revolution, it had meant no less than near-starvation for portions of the masses.

When, then, it was abruptly borne in upon them that the hammering at the door had suddenly, and it seemed finally, ceased, the joy of all the world knew no bounds. The English went mad.

It is at this moment that the adventures of the Capel family, recorded in this book, begin. We see them caught

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up in the triumphant arrival in England of the rulers of her Allies — the sovereigns who had almost bled dry the one constant opponent of the tyrant, and given as little as possible in return; each of whom, at one time or another, had given up the struggle and joined with the enemy, only to be bought back into the fold with fresh gold from the Island Treasury.

We see the Capels contemplating for the first time the country of their late enemy and its people, comparing them unfavourably with their own. We see them, none the less, delighting in the comparative cheapness of almost every article abroad. We hear their comments on the Belgians, whose country has been so long under the deposed Emperor's heel, and whose people are divided still into Bonapartists and anti-Bonapartists. We see through the Capels' eyes how tricky is the policy of restoring, after so long an absence abroad, the hereditary rulers of Europe's kingdoms; we feel these peoples' resentment at the return to power of exiles who have not shared their compatriots' years of trial.

We witness the sudden surge of travel-starved English to the capitals of Europe, and the rebirth of the frivolous gaiety which revolves around the newly formed Courts. We get, particularly, a vivid picture of life in Brussels at the end of hostilities, during the fateful 'Hundred Days' and after Waterloo. We see clearly the impact of the lightning revival of 'The Monster's' power upon the city which that very power has marked down as its special prey. We feel the terror which catches hold of every soul in Brussels as the guns of Waterloo break in upon the silent tension of the streets, and when the broken Cumber-

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land Hussars rush headlong through the city spreading despondency and consternation.

With Caroline and her daughters we share the miraculous sensation of joy conveyed by the first sure intelligence of victory — which had been so near disaster — quickly followed by the poignant recognition of the terrible price exacted: the realization that those who yesterday sat in your drawing-room drinking tea, today lie dead on the battlefield or mutilated for life. We share the 'horrors of a Hospital Station', as Brussels became, and sense the melancholy awe of visits to the battlefield.

As the great events fade into the past, the Capels are seen to resume the life of every day, with its loves and hatreds, its births and deaths, albeit with many alterations of outlook. But, being a lively and engaging family, their daily doings are hardly less interesting once the main tide of history has swept past them. For example, the tragedy of the death in infancy of the thirteenth child brings forth some letter-writing prose of the highest order, calculated to bring tears to the eyes of the hardest mortal; while the affair of Harriet and the Baron, though melodramatic, is a shining example of the romantic outlook of which young ladies were capable under the influence of the Gothic novel.

CHAPTER ONE

JUNE 1814-MARCH 1815

i

THE party that descended on the Ship Inn, Dover, on June 5th, 1814, was a large one. Beside Capel and Caroline were ten of their children and at least five servants.

The eldest Miss Capel was Harriet, whose twenty-first birthday had been in February. She was the serious-minded, artistic one of the family, already an accomplished pianist and needlewoman. She had not quite the liveliness, nor, perhaps, the openness of character of her nineteen-year-old sister Georgiana (known as 'Georgy', or, sometimes, 'Dordy'), whose charm and gaiety shine through her letters.

Georgy's equal in charm, and in spirited letter-writing, was her sister Maria, nick-named 'Muzzy' or 'Muz', aged seventeen. Next (the fourth child¹) came 'the useful person of the House', Louisa ('Loui'), some two years younger than Muzzy. She wrote less often than her elder sisters.

There are letters from each of these four girls in the following pages, and they amusingly reflect their different personalities.

The younger members of the family (who wrote no letters) were Horatia, a budding artist, aged thirteen, of whose birth one of her uncles had written: 'Caroline has just produc'd *another girl*, . . . much to the mortifica-

tion of Capel and herself...'; the lovable Jane, who was nearly nine; the 'pretty, waltzing' Mary, aged six; Amelia ('little Meeny' or 'Menii'), three, and the baby Adolphus, who was not quite twelve months old. He was nicknamed, inevitably, 'Dolly', but as soon as he could talk he called himself 'Nam'.

He was the third son of the family. The second, 'rough, tough and independent' Algernon (whose seventh birthday would be in October), was of the party, too, but before long returned to school in England. Left behind from the start was Arthur, the eldest son, eleven years old last January. He had just gone to Eton, and one gathers that part of his education was being paid for by his step-uncle, Lord Essex, who placed every obstacle in the way of his rejoining his parents, even for the holidays.

The Capels took with them a number of English servants, including Maria Stafford, the ladies'-maid; two other maids (Hughes and Anderson); Thorpe, the beloved housekeeper-cum-nanny; and a nursery-maid. Miss Jones, the governess, was to join later, if she could be persuaded to leave her old father.

ii

Caroline's first letter to her mother was written on the evening of their arrival. At Dover she found Lord Rosslyn,¹ an old family friend. He 'will be of the greatest use from his extreme good nature & desire to oblige', she wrote; adding in a postscript: 'Ld. Rosslyn has turned out of his Home with his Aide de Camp & insists

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on part [of] us going there as this house was already too full with Lord Yarmouth² to contain us all.

‘I am afraid,’ she continues, ‘we shall not sail till to Morrow, after the arrival of the Emperor³ who is expected in the Morning; the whole road is lined with Triumphal Arches & Eagles; It is curious after waiting a whole week to avoid them, just to fall in with them.

‘... I believe nobody knows till they have tried, what it is to set one’s foot out of one’s own Country for the first time, which I feel on the Point of doing. But *you* are the great thing. Adieu, My dearest best of Mothers. With what anxiety shall I look forward to the sight of your dear Handwriting again. There is such a rowe in the room I can write no more.

‘Believe me, My dearest of Mothers, Your most devoted affectionate & dutifull
CAR: CAPEL.’

They were still at Dover two days later, when Muzzy wrote to her grandmother:

‘My dearest dearest Grand Mama,

‘I think you will like to hear from some of us — and I cannot devote an hour to anything that can gratify me so much as writing to you. The Duke of Clarence⁴ and the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia⁵, 2 or 3 Prussian Princes of the Blood & dear old Blucher⁶ landed yesterday at 2 o’clock. Lord Rosslyn got us a Famous place to see it. I was near enough to touch them and think *Alexander* not the least handsome — *horridly* Pink & Puddinglike.’ The sight was very grand. All the ships fired 21 Guns & the Castle & Fort a 100. You my dearest Grand Mama will I know wish me joy when I tell

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you all the People I was introduced to yesterday — They all came into our Room with Sir Charles Stewart⁸ — General Blucher, General Bulow,⁹ General Barclay de Tolli,¹⁰ General D'Yorck,¹¹ Prince Hardenburgh,¹² Prince de Radzville¹³ and General Platoff.¹⁴ General Blucher almost shook our hands off and kissed us all in such a moving way. — The Moment the People got wind of his being with us, they *broke* the Windows to see him well — and 100's of people of all sorts crowded into the Room. You my dearest Grand Mama would *die* of the Noise of this Inn. I never heard anything equal to it. If we stir out of this Room we must pass such a Phalanx of Foreigners of all Nations & Ranks — this is rather inconvenient as our sitting Room is on the Ground Floor. But *I* think it *all* the best fun. Sir Charles Stewart drunk tea here yesterday — and brought us his Cossack to look at; I never saw so fine a Creature or so terrific a one. The People took the Horses off Blucher's Carriage and drew it. Harriet & I who were walking with Mr. De Roos were almost squeezed to death in such a Crowd as I never saw. Mama was so frightened that she would not venture out & so she did not see the Emperor land. Sir Charles Stewart wanted to introduce us all to Alexander & the King of Prussia but owing to some *bother* I am sorry to say we were not. The Duke of Clarence came here yesterday, he passed by the Window & saw us upon which he said — Are you at home? — & then made his appearance. Admiral Foley¹⁵ has very kindly lent Papa a *Brig* which we sail in *tomorrow* — and land at Gravelins — We were to have sailed today but the wind will not permit us — I cannot my dearest Grand Mama say how much and how often we all talk &

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think of you. Never can any thing make us feel less about you — . I must not forget to say that we are all fallen in love with Platoff, he shook hands with us all. — Next to Blucher I never saw so dear an old Man. Poor dear little Mama was *comforted* by seeing all the Great People in this Room, She attempted *twice* to go to the Post but the Crowd of Horses was very great & she had a great business, the little ones with her. Goodbye my beloved Gd Mama & believe Me ever Your most devoted & affate Gd Child

MARIA CAPEL.

‘The Emperor left Dover this mornng. *Incog.* at 7 o’clock. We had a fine show of Congreves Rockets last night. Do you not think it was odd that Blucher should be allowed to come from the Place he landed in to *this Inn* were he slept, in a Hack Chaise and Pair with 2 *other People*? — Both Blucher & Platoff slept *here* so you may imagine that we had *not a little noise* for every time they left their Rooms, or looked out of the Windows they were huzza’d violently.’

She adds an excited postscript. ‘A Prince of Prussia is this instant arrived. The Guns are in constant fire.’

Later the same day Muzzy wrote again: ‘Lord Rosslyn left Dover this Mornng. but comes from Canterbury tomorrow to *embark us*. I am afraid *Alexander* will cause great discontent by going *Incog.* this Mornng., for the Whole road has for 10 days been *covered* with *Triumphal* Arches and the Inns full of Flowers. Alexander did not pull off his Hat or even Bow to the People which I think was rather odd, and the King of Prussia shut up all the

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Blinds of his House. Neither of them appeared at the Windows the whole time. We had an alarm the other night that Blucher was come — the whole Mob rush'd into the House. I stood mounted *Mast high* on the *outside* of the staircase; the Person turned out to be Prince Liechtenstein;¹⁶ the Mob mistaking him for Blucher, hoisted him on their shoulders — and by their violent Joy almost tore his Coat off. We heard him call out to his A.D.C.: *Hold me fast, pray hold me fast.* I hear he was frightened to death being *perfectly* unconscious who they took him for & what was the cause of the reception he met with — this will I think amuse Uncle Edward¹⁷ and particularly if he had seen the Poor Prince's astonished Countenance — The King of Prussia told Lord Rosslyn last night that when he landed somebody seized hold of his wrist and almost *dislocated* it — This Inn and the other two are full of Foreigners of Rank who cannot get Houses. My head is almost *turned* with the Noise, the Passages are full of people talking *every language* in Europe and all trying who can make most noise. — Prince Augustus of Prussia,¹⁸ who arrived an hour ago, has just set off for London — The Wind is still in our teeth and I am dreadfully afraid we shall not be able to sail tomorrow. If we are obliged to stay here we must live upon *Mackerel* for 9000 came in yesterday & they are of course very cheap. We were all threatened with being obliged to leave the Inn yesterday — as the King of P[russia] was expected to sleep here — If we had been turned out we must have slept in the *Streets* for no Horses cd. be got to take us to Canterbury & no Houses for love or Money.'

Next day, Wednesday, June 8th, Caroline was lament-

ing: 'Think of our being still here! The Wind in the same point & blowing a Gale — It is very provoking!' The original idea had been to sail to Ostend, but 'If the Wind Moderates I believe we shall go to Calais sooner than remain longer at this Inn'. On Thursday, Muzzy wrote that they were 'to be off to morrow morning in the *Nymph Packet, Captain Boxer*. We all liked remaining here very much while there was any thing to *see* but now every body is gone and the Inn quite quiet we do not like it. *Quite* I can hardly say, for as it is we have at least 10 *Foreigners* beside English People — And all the *Foreigners* make a Point of seeing who can talk *loudest*.'

But two days later, they still had not sailed. '... Here we still are,' wrote Caroline, 'but I have now great hopes of very soon getting away. . . . We have engaged with the Captain of a remarkable Nice Packet — very clean Cabin, for much less than I first mentioned to you. . . . We have had our Carriages & Baggage on board for these four days, & have had no trouble at the Custom House.

'The dear Children are all well & very well amused with the variety of scene this place affords. The Rowe and noise all day & night is beyond conception; All the great People & their various Suites are at last off. But there are daily arrivals of *Foreigners* of all Nations; I hear the Prince has consented to an establishment for the Princess of Wales, to save himself from being mobbed & I suppose by this time the Emperor has been to visit her.¹⁹ How anxious I shall feel for English News both Public & private! I never saw any thing to equal the emotion of Sir Charles Stewart when he found us all here, or his joy at seeing me & his sorrow that we were just crossing each

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other; He has a great deal of feeling & so little Controul over it, that he must often be liable to be quized or even accused of Humbug, by the votaries of fashionable Apathy.'

That evening, after a week of waiting, they eventually sailed.

'The first thing I heard on landing,' wrote Caroline from Calais next day, 'was God save the King . . . The poor children suffered dreadfully from Sickness, except Harriet & Louisa; & Thorpe [the housekeeper] was as I expected totally disabled.

'From the wind being so much against us, it was with difficulty they saved the Tide to get into this Port, which caused some difficulty in landing, & I am sure you would have been moved at the good behaviour of the little Children, surrounded by a Crowd of Uncouth looking Men jabbering as loud as they could & trying to force the Children out of our Arms by way of assisting Us to get them ashore. Poor little Meeny & Adolphus looked perfectly terrified but did not cry the least which was more than I could have expected — We have found a good deal more trouble at the Custom House here than at Dover — They have tossed & tumbled over everything without Mercy, & seized the Muslins you had bleached for Harriet & Georgy, but a man here that Capel knew before, has got them restored to us. We have been walking about the Town & are surprized at the dress of the Women & Children who appear Tradespeople. We met a Whole group coming out of a *Chandler's shop* in silk shoes, lace at the bottom of their gowns & trimmings without End. It is Sunday & some Fête besides, which I

suppose produces all their Holiday Attire — It appears very odd to English Eyes who have never before left the Country to see all the Shops open a Sunday & Fiddles going at all rates.'

From Dunkerque, where they arrived at four in the afternoon of the following day, having covered the 25 miles from Calais in five and a half hours, Georgy wrote: 'We had an agreeable surprise whilst we were [at Calais], Lord Rosslyn [and] his Sister [?] Miss Bouverie came there from Sandgate. I cannot express to you the delight We already feel at the sight of any thing English or Even *Englishified*. We intended to have gone today by the Canal to Bruges where we are to sleep tonight but we are prevented from putting this economical manner of travelling into execution as the Carriages cannot be got into the Barge. Dunkerque is odiously dull & stupid; we have been walking all over the Town with Papa, Crowds of Women & Children follow us with exclamations of wonder, but as they speak low Dutch we can only discover that it is *surprise* which they express. We see nothing but white Cockades;²⁰ a general spirit of Love for the Bourbons & detestation of the "*Scélérat*" Buonaparte appears to exist. We all like Calais better than this place, these people are so very stupid and without the vivacity of the inhabitants of Calais; it is really wonderful that the short distance of five & twenty miles shd. make such a difference in every respect, as between Engd. & France. The little that I have already seen of the Continent makes me love & admire dear England more than I did before. We are all very anxious to reach Bruxelles which has, we hear from all quarters, every perfection. . . .

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'I am happy to say that dear little Adolphus appears to flourish under his *privations* & hardships, such as *Milk* more *than half* water, *getting up at four O'Clock* &c &c. Our *English delicacy* is offended very often and I do not think we shall ever grow quite accustomed to Foreign *grossièretés* but we have nothing for it but to follow dear Edward's example *and Grin & bear it*. At present we have seen nothing but large Bonnets and floors covered with Sand. The Couvent des Capuchins at Calais was destroyed by Buonaparte and the Country between there & Dunkerque is hideous, flat and like the ugliest part of Kent without its agriculture. The People are very civil, which however I think they ought to be in gratitude to us for affording them so much amusement. . . .

'Nothing that I have seen yet has made so deep an Impression upon Me as The Soldiers, their Dress, accoutrements & Horses; after having seen *ours*, it is really melancholy I think. We all agree in thinking that they look as if they were drest in the cast off Uniforms of our Soldiers, and their Horses as disgusting; and as for the Vehicles they *call* Carriages they would disgrace a stand of Hackney Coaches in London.'

iii

Arrived at last in Brussels, Caroline sat down to write her first long letter to her mother. She described the last phase of their journey.

‘From Dunkerque, where we slept the day we left Calais, we went for Miles over Sands with the sea dashing under the Horses’ feet, which was a real relief from the Noise of paved roads. How you would hate them! tho’ in general the pavement is good. From Bruges (the dirtiest dismal Place I ever saw, full of Prussians¹) we went an easy day’s journey by a Canal to Ghent; I wish we could have atcheived the whole of our journey in the same way, for the whole expence for the conveyance of all the Party, Carriages, Luggage, Breakfast & Dinner cooked on Board, including Servants, was £3.10 — & I never saw a better dinner, Fish, Soup, Chickens, excellent salad, young Peas, & many other things, not forgetting Wine — I must do justice to the little Children by saying how very good & amiable they have been, in a journey that has had many inconveniences. The difficulty of Accommodation for so many has been great, for tho’ the Hotels are large, they are all occupied by Military of whom the People make most bitter complaints. In a week it is hoped these Prussians will have entirely evacuated the Town & Environs. They are detested as much as the English are beloved, & indeed that is saying every thing, for it is impossible to describe the enthusiasm that prevails in this Country for the English Nation; & the excellent behaviour of the Troops here forms so striking a Contrast to that of the Prussians who have been living on the Inhabitants & devastating their Houses, Country Seats, &c, that It has still increased their partiality to every Individual of our Country.

‘My dear little Adolphus has looked pale since his journey. I kept him on Decke in the Packet to prevent the

violence of Sickness & in spite of my care he got wet with the sea & I think he got cold. He terrified me the day we arrived here with the most dreadful Shrieks (he that never Crys) & by putting his hand often to his Ear: I am sure it was the Ear ache. A Roasted *onion* & two drops of Laudanum at length composed him, And he has had no return.'

iv

There was going to be difficulty in getting a house in Brussels both large and cheap enough, but Lord Lynedoch,¹ who had just gone home prior to relinquishing command of the British troops in the Netherlands, 'had left a Commission with the Mayor of this Town to depute a person of great respectability here to get us a House & assist us in every possible way — He has been with us, has put us *up* to every thing, given us all the Prices of every article of living, is looking out for a *Ménagère*, & in short is very satisfactory, because entirely to be depended on'.

Caroline thought Brussels 'really beautifull & the Park exceeds what I expected to find it tho' I had heard so much of it.

'The parade is in front of these Windows & we are woke by an *English Band* every Morning.'

It was really wonderful how cheap things were compared with England. 'You get the most beautiful silk & Satin Shoes here for 4s 6d a pair & walking shoes for 3s 6d — Gloves, Silks, Ribbons, as cheap — I am going to-morrow to see the fine lace Manufactory which I hear is

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the most curious thing possible; Adieu Dearest best & kindest of Mothers . . . Your most devotedly affectionate & dutifull

CAR CAPEL.

‘Harriet . . . is extremely Usefull, understands the coins already perfectly & exerts her talents of *bargaining* in a way that would surprise & make you laugh too.’

Harriet wrote the next letter.

‘Brussels, June 23d 1814

‘My dearest little darling GrandMama

‘You will be glad to hear that we have at length got a most delightful House in the park² — larger than we want — airy — clean — & chearful for £100 per annum. Mama is enchanted with [it], indeed so we all are. The drawing room is a beautiful bright blue with five very large windows — the dining room is very large and so is Mama’s Bed room — these three rooms open into each other — from Mama’s room proceeds a *suite* of small apartments looking out upon the ramparts — these are Georgy’s & my *bedrooms, dressing rooms & sitting rooms* — Maria, Louisa & Horatia have a large room for themselves, opening into the nursery which is also a very large room, then there is a still larger Bed Nursery with a small room within for the nursery maid — besides this there are excellent rooms for Miss Jones — Maria Stafford & all the Servants and there is a grand entrance Hall & very good staircase & two back staircases — I need not apologize to you my dearest GrandMama for being thus particular in my description of our habitation. I know you will like to *imagine* it — it is wonderful how cheap every thing is here

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and the exchange is improving every day — two pounds of bread for three halfpence — Mutton 3 pence, beef 4 pence per pound & so on. My Aunts had better send me some commissions in the Glove, shoe & ribbon line — the *best long white gloves* 2s 6d per pair — 4 pair of satin shoes for 18 shillings, *thick sarsnet* for gowns, the most beautiful colors & wider than *ours*, 3s 6d a yard, & silk stockings equally wonderful. . . . By the by — we were talking to [a] Gentleman the other day about *Music* for he is a great Musician, & when we mentioned *Handel* as the first of composers he exclaimed “Handel. Handel. I don’t know that name — is he living? we never heard of him here”. What do you think of this my dearest GrandMama? We are all *in love* with General Ferguson.* He is just the age when people (that is to say *Men*) *begin to grow moving* — he is two or three & forty — very handsome, very pale, & lame from a wound he received — & his manners perfect — & to crown all a *widower* — We are going to the play tonight in his Box — the Orchestra (all *I* care for) is I believe excellent — We have just heard that the Emperor† &c are coming here — this we all rejoice at, as we shall have them so comfortably. . . .

‘Lord & Lady Mountnorris’ & their two daughters arrived here two days ago, they are come for his health, which is in a very bad way — they have brought a clever medical Man with them, who has been very civil to us about poor old Thorpe, who has been very ill, but is now much better — I believe the fatigue of the journey has been too much for her — Adolphus is the best boy that ever was born, always goodhumoured, though obliged to have a dozen different nurses in the course of the day —

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We have had wretched weather ever since we have been here — cold raw easterly winds & a great deal of rain — General Ferguson has just been here, with the *melancholy* information that the Emperor &c go thro' the Hague and Antwerp — we are quite in despair, & the Duchess of Aldenburg^s who really is coming, does not at all make up for their non-appearance. . . .

'God bless you my dearest little darling GrandMama — all here unite in the most affectionate love to you — pray excuse this scrawl — as I have not time to read it over. Believe me ever your most devoted & affectionate Harriet.'

Caroline, too, was delighted with the house, and had every hope that it would answer 'in point of Economy, but till by having lived here a little while I can fully determine, I shall feel upon thorns — So far I can really say that every Article of living is above half as cheap as in dear England. Oh if I had only your dear Self by My fire side I could feel comfortable again! . . .

'I enclose two *paintings* from Horatia of the Costume of the Ladies here which are really very exact, but I suppose many of the kind are now to be seen in the streets of London. I only hope English Women will not imitate this Hideous Fashion — We are so gazed at whenever we stir out, It is quite disagreeable, I suppose from the difference of Dress, & the numbers — Ah voici les Belles Anglaises is heard on all sides — This is only for your *private* Ear, or I should be quizzed properly for repeating it.'

She continues her letter on a topic of less personal interest.

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‘The Young rejected Prince’ arrived Here last Night & sett out again at 2 in the Morning — as far as I understand of the Business, I think the young Princess [Charlotte] quite in the right [to have broken off her engagement] — The People here are in the highest state of discontent, the only thing that made it go down with them belonging to the Dutch was the Idea that there would be some Connection with England by the marriage alluded to. Now that is off, they speak out openly their Sentiments & if they were not in a state of exhaustion from all they have recently suffered they would resist An Arrangement so inimical to their Feelings.’

Though the family had moved into a house which suited them perfectly, they were distressed that their heavy baggage had not yet arrived from England. ‘Is it not too provoking our things not being come,’ complained little Loui to her grandmother on July 4th, ‘I am very much afraid they are lost, every enquiry has been made for the Vessel they left England in which has not been heard of. Colonel Graham very kindly sent a Dragoon to Antwerp to hasten their coming here when they arrive there.’

Loui might complain that the baggage was lost, but not everything went wrong in the new life of the Capels. ‘10,000 Prussians are now on their March thro’ this Town’, wrote her mother earlier in the same letter. ‘We have thro’ Favor escaped the Lodging any of them. . . .’

It was now nearly four weeks since they had landed at Calais and they were beginning to settle down to their strange new life. ‘We have conformed to the Hours of the Place’, wrote Caroline on July 6th. ‘3 o’clock for dinner

& the rest in proportion — I have an excellent Cuisinière for 12£ a year, & the Butcher's account for 8 days is £2-13 — which I think you will allow, for 20 in the Family, is cheap enough; in short the weekly Account comprising every article of Bread, Meat, Milk, Butter, Fruit, vegetables, Rice, &c, &c amounts to £7-16-0. The Masters are quite as Cheap — The Dancing Master for teaching 5, receives 4 Francs a lesson; a Franc or Livre in this Country is equal to 11d of our Money — A singing Master, the most expensive one of any, has a Guinea for eight Lessons — &c. And they are all excellent in their way.

'The Two great Men of this Town are the Duke d'Aremberg' (who is a Widower & stone Blind for twenty years past in consequence of an Accident out shooting), & the Duke de Beaufort. The latter you would like, He was the only Man of Rank & property in this country who made a firm stand against Bonaparte, who in consequence surrounded his most magnificent Château near this Town with Troops & burnt it to the ground, & then sent him & his Duchess to Paris where they lived 2 years under his Eye, fearing the Duke's Influence if he remained in his own Country — The Duchess is a very amiable Ugly little Woman, the Daughter of Prince Staremburg who lived so long in England. They desired to be introduced here, & have been particularly civil & good natured. We dined with them the other day, every thing was so different from England that I was quite glad to have General Ferguson there to give us some *Instructions*.'

The Duke of Cambridge¹⁰ had just passed through

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Brussels on his way to England from Hanover, where he had gone in 1813 to represent the Prince Regent, and to stir up the Hanoverians against the French.

‘You delight me,’ wrote Caroline, ‘by mentioning the kind manner in which the dear Duke spoke of us — I do really love him; such goodness of heart & intrinsic worth is not often met with, & when they are, whether it is in a Prince, or a Peasant they must be loved and admired — I have great hopes from a letter we have had that he will pass thro’ Bruxelles on his return to Hanover.’

In nearly every letter, Caroline told her mother of the constant stream of English visitors. Most of them were merely passing through on their way to Paris and the Spas. This meant that prices kept low; if too many came to live, the cost of living would increase, and perhaps she would have to cut out some of the masters, which she was loath to do.

Prices were low, but ‘Politicks seem very high; there is I am sorry to say a strong party who openly profess to regret Bonaparte, & this among the People of rank — *Our* Duke & Duchess de Beaufort are violent on the *right* side & hardly on terms with their relations the d’Arembergs who degrade themselves by lamenting the new order of things — They [the Beauforts] come to us very often & as Harriet says seem to *taste* us, which I know will prejudice *you* in their favor — There is more visiting here than I like; tho’ it entails no expence, it entails loss of time, & often being bored; & yet it would be difficult to avoid it; you know of old, I am a bad visitor’.

She was distressed that Lord Lynedoch was soon to give up his command to the Prince of Orange, but ‘the

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English Garrison remain, thank God; I shall be miserable if they go while I am here'.

Six days later she writes: 'I was delighted to see Lord Dartmouth¹¹ & John Talbot¹² yesterday — I have been chusing Lace veils & Gowns for them — Oh Mama you would *die* of the Lace here, & the comparative cheapness of it. It is a fine exercise for self denial.' In a postscript she adds: 'If any body wants Lace & will trust to my taste & tell me what they chuse to spend, I can get it over with ease & safety, but this must not be mentioned.'

Harriet wrote on the same day, heading her letter in consideration of her Grandmother's failing eyesight, 'NO SECRETS anybody may read it to you':

'Brussels rises in our estimation the more we know of it — but we like it only when we do not think of dear dear England — One recollection of *that* throws every thing *here* into a dark shade. I am quite sure that *we* shall not return *foreignized*, & you would be sure of it too, could you pass one week here, & see the determination and *abhorrence* with which we reject every innovation even of the most trifling nature that in the *slightest degree* swerves from English dress, manners, or sentiments — The inhabitants of this Town have now declared open warfare with the English residing here — The *Ladies* abuse every thing we wear & every thing we do — The *Gentlemen* are not so severe, & declare that their Countrywomen are burning with spite envy and jealousy at the superiority of the Englishwomen — this as you may suppose does not mend matters and it really is become very entertaining — The Lady Annesleys¹³ &c. all unite with us in a resolution

not to be *bullied* into deserting our national customs, so I hope they will soon grow tired of abusing us — *We preserve a dignified silence*, but go our own way — We dined a few days ago with the Duke & Duchess de Beaufort — When we arrived, the Duke met us & told us, that “*Madame étoit un peu incommodé*” but would be delighted to receive us in her room — Mama was rather scrupulous of doing this, fearing it would annoy an Invalid, however he assured us it would not, & in we went and found her in her bed surrounded by Ladies and Gentlemen, who all seemed to be trying who could make the most noise. She had a complete Levee, & we all adjourned to her Bed side after dinner, & there the Gentlemen drank their coffee — I do not think this at all a bad plan — it must be very jolly, to be quite at one’s ease, & have people, to talk & make the agreeable, while you are reposing on cushions — *I should like nothing better* — *She* is a most amiable agreeable excellent creature, & he is equally delightful in his way — Two nights ago, there was a grand Fête in the Park, at a place they *call* Vauxhall — it was given in honour of St. Francis, the tutelary Saint of Brussels who had been previously trapsed round the town with the most astonishing pomp & splendour. We followed the procession the whole way, having first attended the Grand Mass in the Chapel — The service — the music — the Cathedral — the magnificent habits of the Priests, was certainly most impressive, but when it came to the procession in the open air, the folly of it really made one quite *melancholy* — the image of his *Saintship* had above 50,000 pounds worth of jewels upon it — he had a canopy of massive silver, trimmed with gold over

his head — this was supported by 8 priests, & was preceded by about a hundred more carrying torches, all glittering with gold & Jewels — St. Francis marched to *military music* — there certainly never was so *incongruous* a medley — there was an alternate march or *waltz* from the Belgie band, and a hymn or Psalm from the Priests, & every five minutes, the whole cavalcade halted, the People (with whom the streets were lined) popt down on their knees in the mud — the Priests crossed themselves, & the *last not least*, poor old General Vincent, (who by the bye was the principal performer) knelt down in a regular way, & prayed to the *Virgin* in a most audible voice for the good of the public — Then in the Evening as I said before, there was a grand *junketting* to which we also went with Papa — There is a small Theatre in the park, we forced our way into this, through a most amazing mob, & when we got there saw nothing for it was nearly over — afterwards the Gardens were illuminated, in short it was exactly Vauxhall in miniature — very very inferior to it, in all except the fireworks, & there they beat us hollow — I never saw anything so beautiful — *ours* are possitive *tallow* (not even *mould*) *candles* compared to them — nevertheless the solitary rockets I saw on the Pier at *Dover* gave me much more pleasure — Numbers of English pass thro' here on their way to Spa, — they remain two or three days at most — *this* does not signify much — As long as we have only Birds of Passage, it is not disagreeable — they tell one a little news of dear England and go again.

'How I do wish that Lord Stewart would come thro' here on his way to Vienna! we really want something to

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console us for the loss of our dear General Ferguson, & *he* would more than answer that purpose — at least in the opinion of *Mama* & *me* — really tho', the loss of *our* General¹⁴ has made a blank in our society & pleasures, which will not easily be repaired — he almost passed his whole time with us — & a more amiable delightful creature I never met with — we are all captivated with him, & as I told Berkeley,¹⁵ he has also contrived to win the hearts of every creature in Brussels — he has left not a single Enemy but has made a *Friend* of every *acquaintance* — The whole Town seemed "*triste et larmoyante*", the day of his departure, & when we walked out in the evening without him, I felt, & so did *Mama*, as if every body was *pitying* us for our *desolate situation* — Lord Linedock is very civil & goodnatured, but *he* is a *star* of very *inferior brilliancy*.

"The Prince of Orange is expected here on Sunday — this creates great pleasure in *general*, tho' there is a strong Party against him — As long as we have an English Garrison here, I don't care for any thing, but the possibility of ever losing *that* is dreadful — I had a dear Letter from *Cam*¹⁶ the other day, & he speaks almost with certainty of seeing us here — this will be delightful — The inhabitants of Brussels ought to see him, as a *good* specimen of our Princes — hitherto they have only been acquainted with the *Duke of Clarence*, who does not do much honour to his Country — Our things are not yet arrived which is very distressing & we are as you may imagine in rather an uncomfortable state — Our dear General¹⁷ did all he could towards *bettering our condition*, for the day before his departure he sent us all his English Tea, sugar, wax

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candles, fish, sauces, cheeses, paper, pens, snuff, pipes, & tobacco — He was like the *Sun* — the benefit of whose warmth is felt, after his *light* is withdrawn. Princess Charlotte seems to have made a *pretty mess* of it at last. She has at least furnished the Town of Brussels with materials for conversation for the *last*, & *next* weeks — & I daresay has produced the same effect in London — Here, every body takes her part — what do they do in England?¹⁸ — Mama is quite well. I believe she means to enclose a little note in this — The Butcher's bills &c &c still continue as low as they were, & Mama's health depends on them you know — All the rest of the family are in perfect health & desire their most affectionate love to you — I think it is quite time to release you from this tremendous long Letter — I am afraid you will not be able to read it half — my good writing never lasts above the first page, but there are no secrets in it.

'... How you would like our little sitting room, so pretty & cool — shaded by the trees on the ramparts, & full of books and flowers. Oh how I wish you were sitting in it — I have enclosed you a little piece of edging which I think looks *like* you & will do for one of your caps — it is a very *shabby* present & I only send it as a specimen of the cheapness of lace here — *this* was only 3 *shillings* & *six-pence* a yard — we have seen the lace manufacturies & in my life I never beheld any thing so wonderful or so beautiful — God bless you my darling little Grand Mama. . . .

HARRIET CAPEL.'

The interest of the family in the Prince of Orange con-

tinued to grow. 'The young Prince . . . is arrived here,' wrote Caroline towards the end of July, 'but makes no sensation at all. He went to the Theatre last night but no one took the least notice of him. As he commands the English Garrison he wears the Uniform of an English General officer & the People say It cannot be a Prince of Orange in a Red Coat — I am sorry there is not a little more satisfaction shewn at his Presence — But when his amiable Qualities are known it is to be hoped they will be more satisfied with the New order of things.

'The Duke of Richmond'⁹ wrote to Capel to make enquiries about this place with a view to coming here with all his Family for a year on an Economical Plan. We have heard nothing since Capel's answer to him, But I think he will most probably decide on coming, which I do not very much rejoice in, tho' I cannot help liking him at the moment I am in his Company — He will however find the greatest difficulty in getting a House large enough for him, in an Eligible situation. Ld. Clancarty¹⁰ is also coming in an official Capacity & has written for a large House in the Park if possible. The Princess C[harlotte]'s history is all translated into the Bruxelles Gazette, I suppose from an opposition Paper, by the insinuations that are made — The weather is now intensely hot & the Children are positively devoured with the most venomous gnats I ever saw, And Adolphus in addition to this Beautifier has the Chicken Pox, without being the least ill however; there has not been, thank God, an ill or ache since we have been here. . . .'

'Our things are at length arrived', Louisa was able to exclaim six and a half weeks after they had landed at

Calais. 'Colonel Graham very kindly sent Papa Four of the Military Baggage Waggon to bring them from the Wharf. Every Box had been opened, even the Writing Boxes and the Work Boxes, but nothing was taken out. . . . Our Piano Forte is not materially injured and it has now been got into very good order. The Person who did it has promised to come every week and to keep them both in tune for 2£ a year; did you ever hear of any thing so cheap.'

They had all been introduced to the Prince of Orange; 'he dined at Lord Lynedoch's yesterday, where Papa and Harriet also dined, and he afterwards walked in the Park with us all.

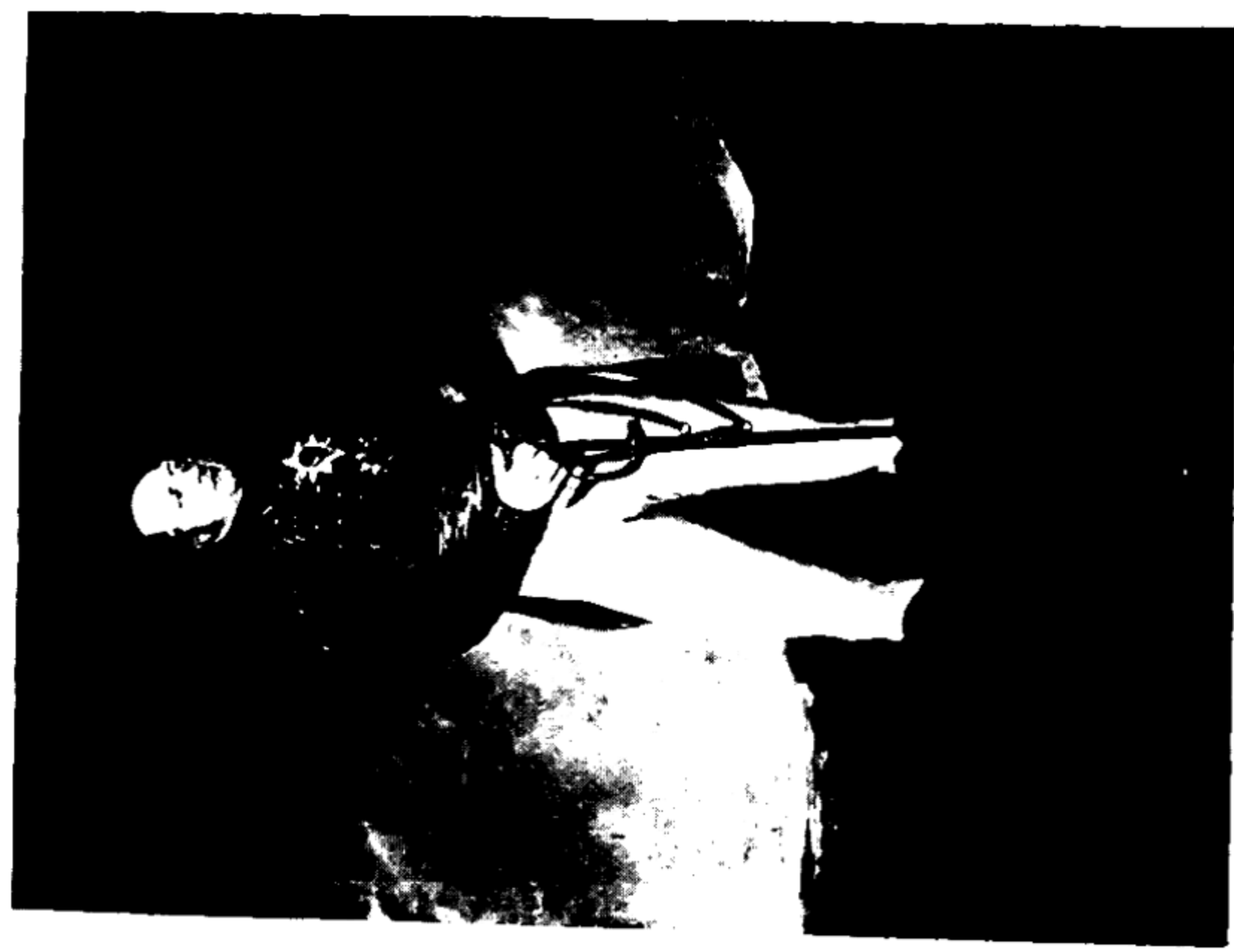
'We have made an acquaintance with Colonel Lindsey and by that means we get the Highland Band wherever we like which is delightful as it is an excellent one.'

When Lord Lynedoch left, the Prince was to take over his house. '[It] is larger than Uxbridge House²¹ and was last year sold for *two thousand Pounds*; you will hardly believe this but it is quite true. . . . It has been so excessively hot this last fortnight that we have found it almost impossible to stir out untill the sun had set. The Inhabitants appear to bear the heat a great deal better than the English.'

For a long time now, the Capels had been trying to arrange for their eldest son Arthur to come over to them for his holidays, and their joy was great when he eventually arrived escorted by Miss Jones, the girls' governess. This lady had been left behind originally, much to the sorrow of her charges, on account of her ailing father; but the problem had been solved by persuading the father to



WILLEM FREDERIK, PRINCE OF ORANGE



THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE

come too. 'I am sure Arthur will delight in this place,' wrote Louisa, 'but I am dreadfully afraid it will not suit Mr. Jones who has unfortunately the Misfortune of being extremely *figgety*. . . .' 'Very excellent clean lodgings' were found for the old man, run by people who spoke English, and it seems that he settled down tolerably well. Caroline was able to report that Miss Jones had 'arrived in better plight than I expected', and that Arthur was 'in high health and spirits & enjoying the novelty & gaiety of the place'.

The heat of that summer was intense. 'It is impossible to move till quite the Evening — or to bear anything but a loose Gown — How they can go on dancing as they do is quite amazing, but the Young Prince would dance on *his head* sooner than not at all. He seems not at all in despair — is very agreeable & bids fair to be a great favorite, If he will conceal his preference to every thing & every body English, which must of course create Jealousy &c — But they talk of the Congress²² being put off, which has not a good aspect & this Country may again be a prey to the most powerfull. — God forbid any more horrors of war, which I will not anticipate.

'The Grevilles²³ were here 3 or 4 days on their way to Spa & other Places — but fell so in love with the house & the place that they have taken the only remaining tolerable one to be had near the Park & are returning here in September — In short we are likely to have too many English, I mean in point of society, unless you could select just what you liked & leave out the rest — Ld. Clancarty is arrived & means to give balls without end; & the Prince of Orange (the Father) only stays here a

week which every body seems glad of — They had made great preparations for receiving him last night in the Allée Verte (A public walk here) but he never arrived — How foolish! Oh if you could only by any means but being a Bankrupt come over here & live amongst us what joy would be equal to mine! And you would live *like a Princess* — Ah Mama the thought makes me wild & I will not dwell upon it because I should feel every thing insipid & disagreeable without it if I allowed myself to do it too much. . . . I love the Queen of Wirtemberg²⁴ for the steady attachment she has shewn to you — This, as you say, is just like the dear King & Duke of Cambridge — always to be depended on when once she has given you her friendship — very like the *Prince Regent* too!

More and more English came over as the Brussels season proceeded. Georgy was ecstatic: 'We have been very gay lately since the arrival of the Prince of Orange who is extremely goodnatured to us and I think appears to like us; Mama gave a little dance on Thursday at which he was present. The next Evg. the same party met to dance at Lady Mountnorris's and last night at Lady Waterpark's.'²⁵ I waltzed a good deal with the Young Prince but my two *idle Sisters* sat still the whole Evening but I assure you that I amply made up for their idleness, for I danced without cessation for three nights; but they were not like London Balls for these begin at 8 and end at one O'Clock. The old Prince of Orange arrived here yesterday I am sorry to say that he and his Son do not appear to be upon good terms, the latter is not guarded enough I think for his situation as he gives his opinion without any scruple of everybody; he is in the highest

spirits and seems to enjoy our little dances very much but he said that he should *now* soon be unhappy and at the same time gave a broad hint that the arrival of his Father wd. be the cause of his change of feelings. You will not I hope say that I am vain when I tell you that I think People appear to like us, at least a hundred times better than they do in England, and if it was not for you I should never wish to leave Brussels, the Society is remarkably pleasant and I am sure my darling Grandmama would like it if we could only devise some way of reaching us *without* crossing that unsuperable Barrier to our wishes the Sea. . . .

'I have written so far without giving a description of our Breakfast at the "Bois Forêt" — in the Forêt de Soigny, given by Lord Lynedock to the Prince of Orange and the English Colony. He originally intended that it should be a party merely for my little Sisters but the arrival of the young Prince 2 Days sooner than he was expected prevented this plan from being put into execution. It was really delightful, the Party was very large and agreeable, the Day lovely and the Scenery beautiful. Tents were pitched on the side of the Forest under some large Trees on an Eminence looking upon a piece of Water. The Band of the 52nd.th played during the Breakfast, and Horn Music was placed at a distance which vibrated thro' the Forest. I never saw a more animated scene or a more Motley Group, consisting of Ladies, brilliant Uniforms of various Colors, Hussars attendant upon the General officers, Peasants and "Sprigs of gentility" from the Village of Soigny. In the cool of the Evg. we all set out to see the finest parts of the Forest;

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there was a string of Six & twenty Carriages and our Leader was Lord Lynedock who is upon these occasions all life & activity & appeared to enjoy it more than any of the Party, tho' we were all enchanted with it. You would not have fancied our drive in the Forest as we had many Hills to ascend & descend and of course very uneven ground to traverse; Our Horses were so fagged that in the Middle of a very steep Hill they *gibbed* and we began to back, having five or six Carriages behind us — you may easily guess how frightened I was — We however met with no accident — poor Lord Mountnorris's Spring broke & his Coachman fell off the Box — We drove about for three Hours and returned home by Moonlight in high preservation. I believe I have now told you Every thing relating to our Fête Champêtre. The P. of Orange says he intends to be very merry & to have Balls and Breakfasts without end. He has an overgrown staff already & it is likely to be increased — Lord Clancarty is arrived and is to keep open House whenever he has one, at present he is at our Hotel "The Bellevue" — The old P. of Orange has had a very well attended Levee today, Papa & Lord Mountnorris cd. not go because they had not *full Dress*. The young Prince has just been here to offer us his Box at the Play, but as it is Sunday Mama has declined it; he says he makes it a point to go to Church every Sunday with the Troops which makes Mama like him still more — Lord Lynedock is going tomorrow & his Staff, but not direct for England as he will make the Tour of Holland. Lord Bury²⁷ is to be one of the Prince's Staff and returns here soon, he is the Image of Lady Albermarle²⁸ *personally*. A few days ago I was looking out of the Window on the ground Floor

when 2 Highland Officers past by talking about Uncle Forbes³⁹ and extolling him & every thing he has done up to the Skies, they remained near me speaking upon the same subject, which Mr. Sanderson³⁰ wd. call an odd coincidence as they did not know me the least — Papa & Mama & Harriet are gone to the Hôtel de Beaufort to dine, but as foreign Dinners are dreadfully tedious & formal I shirked it, rather against Papa's wish — I must now repeat to you a thing which I think might be transmitted in a circular Letter to some of the Family who so erroneously think that we govern Mama — The Commandant of Brussels, Col. Jones, who is a great Friend of ours and who is bluntness itself & would not for anything say what he did not think, told us that the reason he felt such a regard for us was that he evidently saw that we were *kept in Hand* without the least appearance of it & that a look from Papa & Mama were sufficient without a word — He is very intimate with us, he comes in and out of the House at all Hours like a tame Cat, we never mind him, he is an old *married* Man and six Evenings out of the seven he spends with us; he is as respectable as he is odd and has been particularly civil & usefull to us: the former he is not generally remarkable for, but I believe we have improved his manners. I hope you will not say that I have forgotten how to write but I have obeyed your wishes & Miss Jones's injunctions, by writing in a large Hand that your Eyes may not be tired by it. There is some thought of an Excursion by Water to Antwerp and as it will be attended by no Expense, as our Military Friends have Canal Boats at their command, I hope we shall go, as I hear Antwerp is well worth the trouble; our

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Party will be joined by the Mountnorris's who are as anxious for it, and we are to have our Band (alias the Highland Band) in another Boat, for our amusement — if this does take place, you may depend upon receiving a very minute account of it from some of us. We have had such hot weather that we heard that it exceeded West India heat, we were all dying with it tho' it did not prevent our dancing with real success — I heard yesterday that a Charge of Cavalry was nothing without Lord Ux:³¹ at the head of it — The Guards are coming from Antwerp tomorrow and the 78th³² take their place there, which we all lament because of the Band & Col. Lindsay,³³ whose acquaintance was strongly recommended to us by Genl. Taylor³⁴ and we like him very much. My dearest Grand Mama I must now take leave of you; with all my Heart I love you. God bless you and make you as happy as I am sure you deserve to be. Believe me Ever your dutiful & most affecte

GEORGIANA.'

A phenomenon invariably remarked upon by the English abroad before and since, did not fail to escape Caroline's notice. 'You will scarcely believe me,' she wrote, 'when I tell you that in spite of this heat you hardly ever see a Window open, in any of the Houses of the Natives — and a Man we met last night observed that he often passed our House & always saw all the windows open & supposed "que c'était la Mode Anglaise".'

'Since I last wrote to you we have been robbed, that is to say Harriet & Georgy have, of nearly every Trinket belonging to them — They have a little sitting room looking onto the Ramparts with a passage adjoining, leading

to Arthur's, Miss Jones's, & other rooms, this room also opens into another where Georgiana dresses & where all her *Treasures* were deposited with several of Harriet's. On the night of the Robbery We were none of us in Bed before $\frac{1}{2}$ past one, & at five in the morning Harriet & Georgy burst into our Room with the *News*. All their Writing Boxes &c had been carried off & were found burst open & rolled into a ditch on the other side of the Ramparts, the Papers & letters strewed about & everything else gone. Their Bed room was next to the rooms where all this was committed & opened into them, The Idea of which quite horrified me. They must have slept pretty sound, as well as Arthur & Miss Jones, whose doors were close to the window where the wretches entered — The alarm was given by two Men passing along the Ramparts who saw the Ladder which in their hurry the Thieves had left against the window & the Boxes &c strewed about — We have as yet made no discovery of the Robbers tho' the Mayor has been most active & interested on the subject — He told me yesterday he was quite sure of discovering them tho' it might take some time; A List of the various articles was sent round to all the Jewellers & Goldsmiths in the Town in case any of them should be offered for sale — Many robberies have been committed lately, all on the English of which this Town abounds.' A result, no doubt, of leaving their windows open.

'We were at a Ball Given by a Countess d'Oultremont the other night,' Caroline continues, 'where I was extremely amused by observing the different customs & fashions of the Country — You need not fear that any of the Family should return *foreignised*, for our greatest pride

is to be known as English women, the moment we appear; the Girls even go beyond me, for they are determined to like nothing in dress, or anything else that is not English — & I am scolded if I dare to approve of anything — The dancing however is beautifull, at least in the Women; the Men are all like a set of dancing masters — and dance as much too well, as most of our Country Men dance too ill. . . .

‘The Prince of Orange is still here, & remains some time, the young one begins to be known & is very much liked. He appears very desirous to do every thing that is right & to please the Natives, but he is like a Boy just out of school, when he can get a little snug *English* Party & says what he pleases without gene.’

The round of gaiety continued unabated, as Muzzy’s letter of August 19th shows:

‘On the Prince Regent’s Birthday we had a Magnificent Parade & Feu de Joi which extended all round the Park. Lord Wellington,³⁵ who attended it, was recd. with enthusiasm. In the Evening Lord Clancarty gave a very Good Ball to 500 People. On the Duke of York’s³⁶ Birthday *The Guards* gave a Ball & Supper in the handsomest way possible. — The Public Rooms in which it took place are really beautiful. The Dancing Room is as long as the Gallery at Beaudesert,³⁷ brilliantly lighted, & two Collonades of Yellow Marble Pillars hung with Flowers extend the length of the Room. At the Top of the Room, was a place raised 10 steps, furnished with Blue & Silver Turkish Couches — a Representation of *Peace* in the Centre. The Walls were hung with Banners,

Standards, & other Military Trophies which had a very good effect. The Supper Room was fitted up with Scenes to represent a Wood & hung with Flowers & lights. I, like a very good Girl, to please Mama, danced one Dance with Col. Desbrowe's Son. Lord Wellington went to the Play one night and was received with great applause — he came here with the Prince of Orange the same Evening to our Great Delight. — I do not know whether you are acquainted with the Young Prince I am sure you wd. like him, if it was only for his Good nature to us. He comes in without even being introduced by a Servant, at all hours, just like a *tame Cat*. — His Father has been prevailed upon to go out a little now, and is always very kind to us. — The dear Duke of Cambridge arrived at 11 o'clock the night before last, it was all Papa could do to prevent his coming to see us that night. He has been here several times & Breakfasted here this Morning. He went to the Play last night. The Theatre was illuminated in consequence, The Moment he entered. The Orchestra Played God save the King, The Audience took off their Hats, clapped & Huzzay'd. This was repeated at the End of the first Act but with the addition of *Orange Boven*^{ss} and *Rule Brittania*. When he left the House, the Staircase was lined with People clapping & Huzzaying. Imagine how delighted we were. We are able to go to the Play now whenever we like, without any expence. For we have no less than 4 *Boxes* at our disposal. The *young Prince of Orange's*, *The English Chargé d'affaire's*, *The Commandant's* & *Lord Lynedock's*. The Latter to our great sorrow left Brussels yesterday, he has carried off some of our most agreeable acquaintances in Colonel Graham & the Com-

mandant. The Latter however returns in 10 days. He is one of those odd Beings that are seldom liked. *A Perfect downright Honest Creature* who tells us of all our faults & of any thing he thinks wrong, with an openness and an interest in us that has gained all our hearts from Papa to Menii. It is quite amazing how we have *unstiffened* the German Formality of our two Foreign Friends, the Duchess of Beaufort and the Marquise D'Assche. The Ladies have learnt how to receive one without 5000 Curtseys. The Duchess with an *Embrace* and the Husbands without kissing one's hand — The Prince of Orange gives a Ball on the 26th, and the town give *him* one on the 24th, which is his Birthday — You would be glad to see how both Father & Son are gaining upon the affections of the People. The Young Prince however is not guarded enough & does not sufficiently conceal his hatred of Foreigners or his horror of Formality. I suppose you are settled at Torrie³⁹ by this. If I was not at Brussels I should envy you being in Scotland. I think you would like Brussels, you might be as quiet almost as among the Mountains in Scotland or as gay as in London — I never liked any place so much. English Families arrive every hour but mostly are *Birds of Passage*. Lord Castlereagh⁴⁰ is expected today — we are in hopes of being able to prevail upon the Duke of Cambridge to stay for the Ball; he cannot at all events go until the Young Prince (*Orange Boven* as we call him) returns from the Frontier, where he is gone for 3 days to inspect some Fortresses — Adolphus is grown more lovely than ever & is quite a darling — The Richmonds leave London the 20th. Papa is quite delighted at the Prospect of having his old Friend again, & Ly

Mary Lennox¹¹ wrote a very kind letter to Harriet the other day saying she looked forward with the greatest pleasure to our old Brighton Intimacy being renew'd. Lord March,¹² who is here as one of the Pr. of O's ADC's, thinks they will not stay long. He is a very pleasant Person and has still a Ball in him from the Effects of which he has not recovered, but Faints at the least transition from heat to cold.'

Of 'that dear Duke of Cambridge' who had now left Brussels for Hanover, Caroline wrote on 1st September: 'to attempt expressing his affectionate kindness to us all would be quite impossible; It, if possible, even exceeded his usual cordiality, & every moment that he could spare from *proper things* he passed in this House.

'We were present at the Investiture of the Reigning Prince & his son with the Orders of the Garter & Bath — Ld. Castlereagh made a most eloquent speech to the latter which quite overcame him; & our dear Duke in his Robes was the great admiration of the Belgian Ladies, who declared with one accord "qu'il était *superbe*, et on ne peut pas plus aimable" — It must have been very gratifying to him the way he was received here. I was at the Play, or rather opera, the first night he appeared there with the Prince of Orange, the Acclamations were unbounded and God Save the King with Orange Boven were repeatedly called for — the Town insisted on furnishing a House & Table to the Duke while he remains here; you may suppose how well pleasing all this seems to us.

'It was a week of complete *Racket* & terminated with a

most brilliant Ball, Illuminations & Fireworks — I wish I could get into the Country for a little while — I sigh for perfect quiet & green Fields, If it was only for a Fortnight.

‘The Reigning Prince is established at the Palais de Laeken which is fitted up magnificently — They say he is to attend the Congress — In the mean time he has appointed to the Principal offices of Government, 3 of the most determined *Bonaparteists*; I don’t know how far this policy may answer but I don’t like the principle of it — By the Bye there is a Party here who want the Duke of Cambridge to marry the Duchess of Oldenburg, to have this Country ceded to England, & that he should reside here & have the Government of it.’

Muzzy next wrote — to announce a new friend, ‘General Barnes,⁴³ who is just come from England &, as he is an *enthusiastic Admirer* of our Friend General Ferguson, he is likely to be a gt. favorite of ours.

‘Harriet, I suppose you know, is hard at work hemming Pocket handkerchiefs for the D[uke] of York — General Taylor, who we constantly hear from, enclosed a very kind letter from the Duke 2 days ago, which she was much pleased with. The Duke of Richmond will not let His daughters Waltz. But as hardly anything else is danced here he must soon give up the Point.

‘Poor little Arthur is in sad woe [he was on the point of returning to Eton]. . . . Adolphus is grown more beautiful than ever — & Menii is decidedly a little Angel, [and] has not forgot *Gan Mama Uxpig’s* kindness to her. . . . We get on Famously with our Masters.’

As summer gave way to autumn, Caroline continued to divert her mother with accounts of the English life of Brussels. 'The Duke of Richmond (has) a delightfull House & Gardens in the Lower part of the Town, & delightfull it ought to be, to at all compensate for the disadvantage of the situation. He is become the most Gloomy Melancholy person I ever met with, but still keeps his warmth & cordiality of heart. . . . We have besides Ldy Alvanley¹ & her two Daughters — & the Grevilles; Lady Charlotte [Greville] has adopted all the Foreign Fashions & you cannot distinguish her from one of the most *outré* of the Natives. . . . There has been an English Play here for some time; you may suppose very bad when I tell you that it is performed by the Windsor Company, but Mrs. Jordan,² passing thro', acted 4 Nights & filled the House for them. The Weather is perfectly delightfull — clear & serene to the greatest degree, yet Many People are confined with Colds — The children are all well . . . Jane is the same dear little Wretch that she ever was — she has got a little companion nearly her own age that she is very fond of, little Harriet Greville.

'My usual conveyance Morning or Evening is a *Fiacre*,³ they are so very good & clean here that you have not at all the same sensation as on entering one in London; and I have made them *quite the Fashion*, For many, on finding I did it, exclaimed with delight, "I am sure if you do it I shall not have the least scruple & will never think of having Horses" — I should receive the thanks of the Hackney Coach men, Don't you think so?'

She caught a slight cold, but was able to write on October 7th: 'I am now *perfectly well* & [have] resumed my office of Chaperon without feeling any inconvenience or fatigue from it. . . . The Hereditary Prince has been passing 3 days at the Hague with his Mother, he came in here a quarter of an hour after his return, looking so ill that he startled me, he would not allow he was tired tho' he fell fast asleep on the Couch from downright Fatigue & you will not wonder when I tell you he had danced at a Wedding Ball at the Hague till 3 in the Morning, mounted his Horse from the Ball, & rode eighty Miles in five Hours, sending his fat Dutch Aide de Camp in the Carriage — We dine with him today & a large Party of Lennox's, Greville's &c; We have had some very Gay Races lately, The Young Prince, Duke of Richmond & many others have Horses run & many of the Gentlemen ride themselves — They rather astonish the Natives, as you may believe, who however are delighted at the Brilliant Gaiety of Bruxelles which they all say they owe to the English. The price of things is not augmented, except such articles as the time of year affects. Meat indeed I pay less for than at first.

'The Duke of Richmond continues his old system of smoking till 3 or 4 in the Morning & drinking Gin & Water — He has made some unsuccessfull attempts to get Capel into his parties, but some of the young Men, of course, he succeeds with & I am sorry for it, for before this, nothing could be more sober & steady than the System. The Duchess⁴ is not yet arrived but is daily expected, I am afraid not with the feelings of delight which the arrival of a Wife and Mother ought to occasion. But

her Temper is dreadful, tho' there is no denying that she has just cause of complaint — Ly Mary & Sarah [Lennox] are great favorites of mine; Poor Lord March has been confined to his House & Bed ever since I last wrote to you — I am afraid he is in a very precarious state — The Children do not make as much progress in speaking French as I should wish, They have too many opportunities of speaking English, but by degrees they *must* learn it. If it was not for Thorpe I would part with my English Nursery Maid, but I can't bear to make her very uncomfortable, which I know that would do — The English Servants of course *hate* the foreign ones, and are jealous of them. I have a very nice Creature about the Girls who I like so much that I hope I shall keep her whenever we leave this place — Also a young girl in the Nursery, but still the English predominate — Adolphus's passion for Music is really curious at his young Age, and the moment he hears a Waltz played he whirls himself round & puts his Arms in attitudes — I begin already to think with horror of his going to School. He is very tall & tho' *I* say it, a very fine creature — Algernon & Mary have begun to learn to dance, & the others are I think very much improved; Mr. Jones is grown quite tired of this place: & is on the point of returning to England — I am very sorry for poor Miss Jones, who has had all the trouble & expense of his journey & settling here for nothing. . . . The Girls are very good & very industrious & do a great deal of work for themselves — Mr. Greville who walks in & out like a tame cat is in a state of enchantment at the *Industry & Talents* he sees displayed — Dear little Jany has not yet acquired a *taste* for work — but she can do it & the taste will come by

& bye; I think Horatia's Drawing *very* much improved.'

Meanwhile Capel was finding the shooting 'very bad sport'. Louisa reported that her father had been 'into the Country once for a few days, but he said that he was then almost starved, as they give you very little to eat and what you do get is dressed in *oil and stinking Butter* — It is a custom in this Country, even with the People of Highest Rank, to give you *no Table Cloth* for Breakfast, sometimes they lay a Bit of Dirty Carpet upon the table but in general nothing — The Town is not as Gay as it will be when the Winter sets in, for most of the Foreign Families have not yet left their *Châteaux* — Balls and Suppers are the Parties generally given — now and then a *Masquerade*'.

On November 1st, Caroline wrote again: 'Emily & Lord Fitzroy⁶ have been here for a week since I last wrote to you; The Prince sent to us to meet them at his House the moment they arrived; She is looking Pale & thin, but there is a reason for it which I think is very likely to vanish at the rate she dances, but as he encourages her to do so there is nothing to be said. He appears wrapped up in her — We are beginning to feel the approach of Winter, but more by the loss of Foliage than any thing else; I think the atmosphere here is the most clear & cloudless I ever saw. It has been now for Months till yesterday, exactly like that we experienced in England during the time of the Comet.⁶ I hear the Winter when it does set in is severe but I think of it without dismay, as I have every means of warming myself; & when I think of the two last Winters I past I hug myself with delight at the comfortable Fires & Stoves that I am surrounded by — We laid

in our stock of Wood & Coals for the whole year when we first came for 48 £! instead of 300. The comfort of stoves is that the warmth is Universal & therefore you may sit in any part of the room with the same degree of comfort — The Natives are so fond of their Parquets, or inlaid Floors (which are very beautifull), that they will not hear of a Carpet till the depth of winter & My unfortunate Feet are in a state of Mortification every where but in my own House or a few English ones — The Duchess of Richmond has a violent rage for us all at present, But she is not a person to be depended on therefore we are all cautious of what we say to her. How horrible is this History of Ly. R- & Sir H. M.! It is really disgusting & causes the greatest sensation ever here — You will scarcely be able to read this letter the Paper is so infamous & it is not possible to get better — Ld. John Somerset's Marriage with Ly. Catherine Annesley is concluded. They cannot have above 1000 a year between them & without any Prospect of more; It is the most extraordinary thing of the kind I ever witnessed, for only a fortnight before it was all settled he used to Quiz & abuse her at all rates — This is only between us for it would be illnatured to repeat it as they are really to be Married — This is without exception the most Gossiping Place I ever heard of — Numbers of English, but as some of us have made the rule of only visiting those we knew in England much Jealousy & Envy is excited against *the Ladies in the Park* as we are called, & even *the Ladies in the Park* continue to squabble amongst each other. Thank God we have hitherto steered clear of any Row & I trust always shall.

'The Cooks here are infamous, [I] have had half a

dozen since I came, one worse than the other & all drunken.'

November 18th was the birthday of the Princess of Orange (the young prince's mother). Three days later Georgy wrote: 'Mr St. George, *Chargé D'Affaires*, gave a grand Ball at the Ambassador's House (which is a very fine one) to the Belgians and English; the Health of the Princess and The Sovereign Prince were drunk after Supper with loud applause, the Band playing Orange Boven and God save the King — The Town was illuminated; in the Morn'g. the Guards and the German Legion mustered upon the Ramparts, and immediately under our Windows fired a *feu de joie*, and the Artillery fired the Canon to the age of the Princess; it had a beautiful effect and we were within a few yards of the Guards all the time — I think the dissipation of Bruxelles *increases* and is likely to do so, as the Noblesse are beginning to establish themselves for the Winter which has set in with great severity. The Prince opens his House more, and his Parties are more popular, as he *mixes* the English and Foreigners, and *policy* not preference induces him to *dance* with the Belgians oftener than the English for which all those who are interested for him must be glad — We have seen a great deal of the Richmonds, the Duchess has taken very much to us but I do not think it will *last* as she is, you know, a difficult person to deal with and withal a dreadful *mischief maker* and is in constant correspondence with Lady Hertford^e to whom she reports every word she hears of the Prince Regent, insomuch that the Lennoxs have warned us to be *careful*. Colonel and Mrs Master are here, she used to be a great acquaintance of mine when she was

Miss Digby at Brighton; wonderful to say she is really *grown pretty*.

'Lord John Somerset is to marry Lady Catherine Annesley the first week in December unless it is prevented by the death of poor old Lord Mountnorris which I am afraid is too probable as we have just heard that he was brought home this Morning from his airing in the Carriage in a fit. We have not beheld Lady Catherine since the *proposals*. She keeps the House, at Lord John's instigation, because the Staff &c &c *quizz him* and he has neither *sense to bear* it or spirit to *repell* it.

'Miss Louisa rides very often *now* to shake down her fat which Mama thinks increases. Mr. Russell has lent her a quiet Horse and she is under the protection of Mrs. Jones the Commandant's Wife and is the object of our Envy — I am not so fat as I was, I am happy to say, notwithstanding I take little or no exercise which is unavoidable and not a great *privation*. We all think you would like the Park in the Winter as it is sheltered by a thick Hedge and very dry and no Horses admitted and very sunny before our House. The climate is quite another in the Ramparts which are so high that one is blown away by the bleakest wind and splashed all over by every Horse that passes — Dearest Grandmama I wish I could raise a Bridge from Dover to Calais and then we should have you here; conceive how delightful for us, we should have so much to tell you and to shew you and the Rampart Room should be yours because that it is the quietest and overshadowed by Trees in the Summer; and the next Room which is now Mama's dressing Room you should sleep in; in short we could arrange it beautifully, but what is the use of

building Castles in the air? We hear that the Princess & the Court are coming here but with what truth I don't know; I believe the Hereditary Prince would prefer seeing her occasionally at the Hague tho' he is very much attached to her — The Sovereign Prince is so excessively fond of him that he worries him to death, as the Duchess of Richmond does Lord March, and one is about as much *returned* as the other — We went to a Concert a few nights ago under the patronage of the Prince when we heard the best Singer in Bruxelles; to our Ears it appeared that Bad indeed was *the Best*; they have not an idea of harmony here; a *loud voice* without any taste will satisfy them. Mama intends to have a little Concert this Week the Orchestra of which will be composed of your Grand Children, Miss Arden, Major Dawson and My Music Masters, Mama wants to give the foreigners a taste for Handel which I believe she will find a difficult *task* — I am afraid Miss Arden will not marry Mr Warrender as it has been going on for two years and she appears very unhappy and goes out very little. He *has been here* but is *gone*. We have heard that Lord Alvanley has lost her 10,000£ which is the preventative. If this is a true report she has cause to be unhappy for he is apparently very much attached to her & she to him¹⁰ — I believe the Duchess of Richmond intends to have Lord Hotham¹¹ for Lady Georgiana,¹² she has taken him with her to the Hague and is always giving Parties to bring them together, he is *quite young, in the Guards, hideously ugly, very stingy* and *has £20,000 a year* — I hope the Duchess has learnt experience by her behaviour about Mary and Lord O'Niel¹³ — Sarah¹⁴ told Harriet that every thing was off

between herself and Lord Apsley¹⁵ for want of that odious necessary thing called *Money* — Harriet had a long Letter lately from Lady Jersey¹⁶ of course replete with scandal & gossip; she says that they intend coming abroad in the Spring, she is dying to be on the continent again where every thing appears to her *couleur de Rose*. I heard from Mrs Taylor that at Paris where she met Lady Jersey People were always crying out “N’avez vous pas vue La Belle Comtesse” and that she was followed about to be gazed at for her singular beauty — The subscription Balls have begun, the first was last Saturday when the English Ladies caused great discontent to Belgian Cavaliers because we all refused them and pleaded engagements when they asked us to dance, and wrong as I know this was, you will I am sure allow & agree with us in saying that it is a great Bore to dance the whole Evening with Creatures who look like Shoemakers and Tallow Chandlers and with whom we are not acquainted even by sight much less by name, for it is not the fashion to wait for an introduction — however we have all promised compliance with the custom at next Saturday’s Ball — Mr. Hastings Forbes¹⁷ is here and is so completely foreignised that except by his language he might be taken for one, his Dress is quite *à la françois*, which, as it is totally unlike the other officers of his Regiment, has given great discontent, and I think it a pity that some Friend should not tell him so.’

‘How many children’, asked Caroline on December 1st, ‘do you think I took to a Ball last night? Only nine — Lady Alvanley had a child’s Ball & insisted on having all great & small that I could bring — Mary & Amelia were too little to perform but they were very much amused &

you would have been pleased to have seen Jane dance in a Quadrille that was performed by Children, with the exception of the Prince who would join in it.

‘The result of Col. Quentin’s Court Martial¹⁸ has made a great noise particularly amongst the Military who are all highly dissatisfied, Indignant I may say, for the former term is not strong enough — The Young Prince gains ground here daily — He shews the most marked attention to the Belgians & is to have a Ball on Saturday on purpose for them with only a *selection* of English, which is just reversing what he has hitherto done — We are always comprised in all his Parties either public or private & his kindness & attention to us all from Capel downwards, would make you love him; But he can never rival the *Dear Duke*.¹⁹

‘I forget what you asked me about Berbice²⁰ but I believe there is no doubt that England will keep it — The Exchange from being nearly at Par, is so low that every one is wanting Money & nobody can bear to draw for it till the last extremity — I don’t know how it is to be accounted for, but I hope it won’t last.’

On Boxing Day she wrote again:

‘The Winter has at length set in with some severity, after a series of the warmest, clearest Weather, I can remember at the time of Year.

‘[It] don’t seem the least like Christmas *here*; I have never felt so *out of England* as now — Tho’ we have the comfort of a regular Service, & Sacrament on the Usual days, which does not occur any where abroad but here, & is another benefit derived from an English Garrison being

in this Town — I look forward with some dread to the closing of the Congress, for fear any arrangement should be made which will occasion their being withdrawn. People in general however do not seem to expect that they will [be] for some time to come — Since I last wrote to you, Lady Frances Bentinck²¹ has arrived here from Paris which she found too expensive for a Residence — She is still in search of a House which she will hardly be able to find, at all in a comfortable situation, I am afraid; Our House is the Envy of every body, both for its Agremens & its price; We gained something at least by our early arrival here — The amusements go on with unabated ardor — Mr. Greville declares every body has been *bit* by a *Tarantula*; It would be difficult I think to find any where a stronger contrast than the situation of this Place last year at this time, & now; Lent however is kept very strictly, which gives one a prospect of a little Quiet — The Young Prince is going to pass New Year's day at the Hague, but returns immediately after — We heard yesterday from Ghent that Peace with America was signed; What a Blessing to be at Peace with all the World! I *hope* it may last!²² — With all this, It will be very hard If Fuel, Provisions, &c retain their exorbitant price in England, which the Papers tell us they still do.

“The Children all continue in high force, Meeny as great a Pet with Capel as ever — Adolphus with me — He is the most sensible moving little Wretch that can be — The first thing he has attempted to say, is “*allez vous en*” which is his immediate retort when he is angry with any one.

‘Jane keeps her place in every bodies heart — Mary is

grown very pretty & Waltzes very well — Algernon is as rough & tough as ever, very independant, goes of Messages all about the Town, & has found a great friend who has taken a fancy to him that he wants to take him & adopt him as his own — as *he cannot get* another of the family — Horatia grown very much improved, & really draws beautifully — Louisa as usual the usefull person of the House, fagging very hard with Masters & Miss Jones — As to the three Eldest they had better give an Account of themselves — all I hope is their heads won't be turned, If they escape now I shall think them safe.

'I was determined to have something English yesterday at Dinner, so I got Hughes to make a *Great Plumb Pudding* on which we *feasted* I assure you; & I was in a Rage with the Sovereign Prince who chose to send for Capel to Dinner & spoil our Family Party.

'We dined a few days ago at a Dinner of 30 People at the Count d'Oultremont's — You may imagine the length of time it lasted, when, according to the custom of the Country, every dish was taken off Successively & handed round — Fortunately for me I sat between two very agreeable People, one Mr. Greville. In the midst of profusion we both agreed at the end of the dinner we were very hungry & would give any thing for some Roast Mutton & Potatoes.'

Muzzy finished her mother's letter for her.

'*Any thing* like the Cold,' she wrote, 'I never felt, tho' we have stoves in every hole & Corner of the House. Mama says she forgot to tell you, on Saturday next there is a Grand Wolf Hunting to take place in the Forest

of Ardennes about 50 Miles from here. It is to last a *fortnight* — Papa & The Duke of Richmond are Prime Movers &, as it carries them & *The Cream of our Society* off, we think it a great Bore.'

vi

The entry of the fateful year of 1815 found Brussels deep in snow and gaiety. 'Mama looks forward', wrote Louisa, 'with pleasure to *Lent Week* when she will have a little respite as that is kept very strictly here. The Natives are getting quite reconciled to the lateness of the English Hours. The Assemblies and Suppers never over till about 2, and the Balls 4, sometimes later.'

'Tonight', wrote her mother in early February, 'there is to be a Grand Masqued Ball given by the Prince, & the preparations for which have occupied the whole Town for the last fortnight. He is to perform in a Quadrille composed of 32 People which has been in constant practice for some days. Georgy was one of the Number named by him, & had had her Uniform made up for the purpose, when Circumstances have arisen that made Capel & I determine last night to take her name out of the List, under pretence that she had hurt her foot getting out of the Carriage; You may suppose it was painful to me to disappoint the Prince just at the last Moment, but I am *quite* sure you would think us right, were you here — Georgy bears her disappointment, & the substitution of a Domino for a fine Fancy dress, with as much composure as you

could *reasonably* expect on such an important subject. But as the Prince's attentions to us have excited great Jealousy in two Quarters I fully expect that every endeavor will be made to cool him towards us by telling him the lame foot was a false pretence.'

What mystery was there here? Had the Prince become too fond of Georgy, or she of him? We shall never know.

The *Grande Chasse* which lasted for a fortnight 'was most successfull', wrote Caroline. '6 Wild Boars — a Wolf & numbers of Chevereuls, &c. They were treated *en Prince* wherever they went, attended by an escort of Prussian Cavalry & all the Peasantry turned out to beat the Woods for them. The Duc de Beaufort had 2 of his Châteaux ready prepared for them & all the furniture put up which had been taken down during the French Power. They found immense Fires in every Apartment. All the Cellars open & the Old Concierge in attendance with orders to say that every thing was at their disposal; The Morning after their return the whole Chasse was hung up in our out houses & for three days the Crowds that flocked in to see the sight was quite astonishing — All this is not however without alloy, for Capel brought back a Rheumatism which has entirely deprived him of sleep ever since. He has been twice blooded & tried various things, hitherto with little success — he is tolerably well in the Day, but at night he suffers dreadfully, poor fellow. I am afraid nothing but the return of warm weather will be of real service — We had six weeks very severe, now again the Weather is beautifull; I never saw so constantly Clear an atmosphere any where; perfectly Cloudless & the brightest sunshine — the 1st of February, the Anni-

versary of the day on which the Allies entered Brussels, was kept in a most splendid Manner — We had been at a Ball the Night before till past three & were woke at Seven by the most tremendous Discharge of Cannon *I* ever heard. The ramparts being just behind us we had it in full perfection, six Guns were fired at the same instant 12 successive times & I assure you the Bed Shook under us & every pane of Glass trembled — I scampered up into the Nursery expecting to find the little ones terrified, but not one of them minded it to my great delight; this was repeated four times during the Day & every possible demonstration of Joy took place — Hastings Forbes has been on the point of fighting a Duel which I find is a frequent occurrence here, During the Masquerades of the Carnaval. Every one says he behaved extremely well & in a very Gentlemanlike Manner which I am particularly glad is the impression, as he is not a favorite in General.

'One of my great favorites & one that belongs to our *petite société* is Seymour Bathurst¹ — He is quite a darling & fully answers the description my good Uncle used to give of him when he was quite a Boy — Arthur de Ros² is another of *My Young Lovers*, he is quite delightfull & full of fun — Lord Hay³ son of Lord Erroll is a new recruit & a most agreeable one, he is very poor I hear, is very good-looking I know & particularly Gentlemanlike; General Maitland, who he came out with, is another of our friends — very handsome — a Widower & therefore *very moving*, full of Accomplishments, & so *good* that of course some people call him a Methodist; Next come Mr. Warrender & Major Dawson both *very* agreeable, the former particularly; Lord March, in Spite of the Duchess's enraged

looks, is very constant to us . . . A German Baron Krauchenberg, a very good Man & an excellent soldier, & ready to die *for any of Us* — And last tho' not least General (now Sir Edward) Barnes who is really one of the most amiable & best creatures I ever met with & doubly devoted to every individual of the Family from Capel to Adolphus — He is very rich & most liberal minded — He gives us the most excellent Dinners & suppers in the very best taste whenever we choose to call upon him & asks only those we chuse — The greatest favor we can do him is to ask him to do any thing for any of us, & to Crown all there is nothing handsome that Lord Wellington does not say of him in a Military point of view — I could not say all this to *any* body but you; for it would sound conceited, but it will not to you, who are always disposed to like those who particularly like us — By the bye I had a most dear & moving letter from the dear Duke [of Cambridge] last week, & Harriet another. He says he shall probably not be in England before the Autumn & then but for a short time & that tho' no happyness can be compared to that [of] living in dear Old England he had offered to remain some years at Hanover. How like his dear self!

On February 28th, Louisa reported that they had 'had a most delightful review here two days ago for the Young Prince, it being the day on which he heard of his Father's being made King'. [It was also the day on which Napoleon left Elba, though the news was to take a long time before it ruffled the gaiety of Brussels.] 'The Cannons fired from the Ramparts at Six O Clock in the Morning, That part of it I am sure you would have rather dispensed with — We enjoyed being woke by Cannons, *except Mama*.

The Prince rode down the Lines followed by his Staff and when they all cheered him he seemed very much affected — but at any [thing] you may move him very easily. He is now gone to the Hague for a Day or two and is to bring his Father back with him, and on Saturday we shall have another Parade. The Weather is now getting Beautifull and the Park beginning to be delightful again. After twelve O’Clock is the right time to walk in the Park as *every body* is walking in it then, and that makes it very pleasant — Our best and Dearest Friend is, as Mama told you, General Barnes, Oh how much you would like him if you knew him, but he has been in great affliction lately by the Death of his Youngest and *Favorite* Brother, who died of a deep decline. He was miserable and never stirred out any where but here, which he said was his only consolation.

‘I am afraid we shall very soon know what it is *to live abroad* as we have heard that by April the English Garrison will be gone and almost all the English Families that are here will go about the same time.’

On March 1st, Napoleon landed at the Golfe de Jouan. On the same day young Muzzy was explaining a less important matter to her ‘own dearest Grand Mama’. ‘What you heard relative to a Certain Person [Sir Edward Barnes] is true, and though I am well aware that it would, in a *Worldly Point of view*, have been a desirable thing, Yet with all his agremens that I hear *so much* of, he is not indeed the Sort of Person, that would ever have made me happy. And I am too happy in my present situation to wish to change it unless to be still more so; I know *my* extraordinary *taste*, or rather want of taste, has caused, &

does now, Much astonishment to every body & more particularly to my own Family, which I am very very sorry for. — On this subject I am not I think very Romantic, for I do not think *violent Love* necessary to one's happiness, but I think you will agree with me that a *decided preference* is absolutely so, and that, that preference even, I never could feel. Therefore there was but one way of acting. Now I have begun on the sort of subject, I must acknowledge to you that, General F — son [Ferguson] suited my taste & feelings *much much* more, but there was one very decided obstacle, in that way, & indeed the *only* one, (which was, *want of that horrid Money*). All this *last* part of my letter, you will I am sure promise not to *hint* to any body, but as you are with People who have a very great, & I must say very Unjust prejudice against him, you will I fear think my taste not very good. You will be glad to hear that Papa's Rheumatism is much better, *time* has been its best cure.'

A tolerant but rather disappointed Mother also wrote: 'It is very true what you allude to of Muzzy & Sir E— B—; I was not aware you had heard of it — I knew you did not know the person, & I never think it fair to tell a thing of this kind, but as you have heard it, I may acknowledge it, & assure you that it is no objection of Capel's or mine that has prevented it, but her own decision — I think a *Veto* we have a right to, If Unfortunately it ever becomes necessary, but I am afraid of *persuasion* because if the thing did not turn out happily I could never forgive myself — She knows how much Capel & I love & value him. Her sisters quite doat on him & rowe her from Morning till Night for her want of taste, & He, after keeping away

for a few days after the *sad reverse*, has lived here as much as ever — & People now ask me “which of your Daughters is Genl. B to marry? or is he to marry *them all*?” The real state of the case however is pretty well known, & his Character is so high that his Intimacy is rather a protection to them than a disadvantage as might be thought with some Men — Oh how much I could say to you if we were together!’

Meanwhile important news had reached Brussels from Vienna. The Congress, which had opened in early November, had made ‘our poor little Prince’s’ father King of the Netherlands. ‘The News from ye Congress’, wrote Muzzy, ‘was recd. here with the most *delightful* & *heartfelt* enthusiasm, I was at ye Play with Lady Charlotte Greville when the Prince came into the Theatre, the Eveng. of the day on which the News [was] received. I did not think that *Belgians* could show so much *energy* as they did on that occasion. The town was brilliantly illuminated, the Troops called out & incessant Cannonading from 6 in ye Mornng. till 4 in ye afternoon. He is now gone to the Hague to receive the Congratulations of His Future Subjects, & returns with the New King & Queen on Thursday, after which there is to be a Coronation & the *Queen* is to give the most magnificent Ball that ever was heard of — It is the General opinion of all those here who ought to be best informed that it is *impossible* that the British Garrison can be removed for at least 6 Months, which is very *cheering intelligence* for us.’

Caroline, though, did not feel too happy about the news from Vienna. She reported that the ‘little Prince’s head [had] been nearly turned with joy at the newly

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acquired Dignities (& Territories) of his Family & at the apparent satisfaction it [had] given to the Natives of this Country; . . . I hope it is all sincere; but I do not feel quite as much dependance on it as he seems to do, and the Moment the English Troops are withdrawn I shall begin to tremble for him — The greatest jealousies subsist between the Dutch & the Belgians — Their Religion is different, their Manners & habits also & they say that a Constitution which may suit Holland will not do here — In short the Sovereign will have not an easy or a pleasing task to reconcile all these different interests. Besides which all the Belgian Troops are newly raised, insufficient in point of Number, even if they were *staunch*, & I have been lately assured that the principal officers are all in the French interest — And Dutch Troops being sent here would give the greatest Umbrage — I suppose they must settle the Grand point of Coronation by Crowning him in both countries or on the Frontiers of each, for the dispute has already begun on the subject — This Event will I suppose bring on Fêtes of all kinds; We have lately been quieter; But out or at home we are never in Bed before two o'clock in the Morning; I think with dismay of passing another whole Summer in a Town — To be fair I believe there is no other Town so bearable as that part of Bruxelles where we are situated, but still it is a Town. The Noise of Carriages & the want of Privacy too totally remind you of it — However I will not *growl* for I never expected to be as well off as I am, when we left England'.

She had also more personal news from Vienna:

' . . . the story at Bruxelles is that Lady Castlereagh

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refused to permit the Duchess of Argyle⁴ at the Court of Vienna & that she was dreadfully mortified on the subject — But a *Bruxelles story* means a scandalous, or untrue one.'

CHAPTER TWO

MARCH 1815-JUNE 1815

i

WHEN the shock-wave of Napoleon's escape from Elba at length reached Brussels, its immediate effect upon the English there was not overwhelming.

'What annoys and worries me most at the Moment', Caroline wrote on March 17th, 'is the Idea that you will feel in a State of Anxiety at the News of the *Tyger* having broke loose; and as distance Sometimes Magnifies Evils [you] will perhaps think there is cause for alarm on our Account, which I assure you there is not — The Numbers of English flocking from Paris will naturally cause consternation in England; but believe me there are as many have flocked here as to a place of Safety, as have gone to England, the Bellione & every other Hotel in the place are full — as they can hold; Of Course every hour teems with reports of various kinds — In the mean time the Guns have just fired for the Proclamation of the King in Holland the news of which has just arrived, & He is expected here immediately after Easter for the same purpose — The Hereditary Prince is received each night at the Theatre with unbounded Applause & I hear from all Quarters that the Majority of the People are as well disposed as you could wish them; Even if they were not, they would not dare

discover themselves with such a British & Hanoverian Force in the Town & Neighbourhood.'

There were other matters which were causing worry too. Riots had broken out in London over the subject of the Corn Laws, and Caroline's eldest brother, Lord Uxbridge (still referred to as 'Paget'), was in command of a force of Guards and Household Cavalry held ready to support the civil power. Caroline was afraid that Lady Uxbridge would 'feel nervous at Paget heading the Military in London — These commotions are, I trust, subsiding, & before this reaches you will, please God, be over'.

On top of all this, Caroline, for the thirteenth time, was once again in an interesting condition. 'You will probably have heard *the old Story* about me, which I have kept from you, My very dear Mama, only to spare as much unnecessary anxiety as I could; As the Dowager [Lady Essex] has heard of it, (not from any of us), but from some correspondent here, you would be sure to be greeted with it in your approach to London, I therefore have the less scruple in mentioning the subject — I am perfectly well, & have no thought *of it* before the end of *June* which is later than I mentioned to Jane¹ by a month — I have heard of a *Woman* who came from England with the Army & who attends the Soldiers' Wives, I am making enquiries about her & hope to hear every thing satisfactory — in which case I will see her, & you shall hear from me the result.

'I have got your Gowns & was to have sent them or one of them by Genl. Barnes who was going to England for ten days, but of course has been obliged to postpone his journey.

'Capel is just come in & says the Stocks at Paris have

risen immensely which is the best possible Sign — I see Our little Prince every day — It is naturally a Moment of great Anxiety to him tho' he has every reason to hope & believe that his New Subjects will be steady to him — He certainly has made himself very popular lately — at least in this Town where he is known.

'We have just heard that Lord Castlereagh has killed Sir Francis Burdett in a Duel' — A letter from Dow[age]r Essex contradicts it, so one dont know what to believe — He would be a good riddance, tho' one would rather it had been effected in a Natural way.'

On the 23rd, three days after Napoleon had entered Paris (though the news had not, of course, reached Brussels), Caroline wrote again:

'My very dearest & most beloved Mama,

'Major Trench has undertaken to convey *one* of your Gowns, *under his great Coat*, & this letter, which your dear Anxious Mind will receive with pleasure — There is a plain Grey to go when it can; & one that I have long had by me for your dear self & hope somehow or other to get to you.

'The wonderfull events that are passing fill one's Mind with astonishment — I wish I could prevent your hearing any reports but what I write myself — I will never deceive you — but I dare say the Consternation which we hear prevails in England has led you to believe things worse than they are — God knows in *France* they can't be worse, As that Tyger has again prevailed & the Unfortunate King [Louis XVIII of France] has again flown, He slept last night at Lille & it is said will pass thro' Here in

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his way to Holland, this *last* part is only report — Be easy, my dearest Mama, about us — recollect the English Force that we have, & I am assured that this Town will always remain garrisoned either by English or Hanoverians — At all Events, should things, against all probability, turn out ill, we have an easy retreat into Holland; but this I should not even mention but to tranquillize you — The Richmonds are exactly in our predicament & I believe have the same intention in case of necessity — All the *Idlers* here I hope will go back to England for it will make every thing more easy for those who are obliged to stay; numbers indeed are gone — I do not feel the least nervous, or indeed is there any cause; . . . We expect the King & Queen of Belgium next week — God bless you, dearest best of Mothers — I cannot add another word as the gentleman waits for my letter — Capel & children unite in kindest duty & Love.

‘Ever Your most devoted dutifull & affe. Daughter
CAR CAPEL.’

And again two days later: ‘I scarcely know, my dearest Soul, what I am writing, for Poor Miss Jones is waiting for this, & the Confusion of the last twelve hours you will well imagine, But believe me we are *perfectly* Safe — Every thing portable is packed up & we are ready to start for Antwerp tomorrow morning, where if things do not turn out happily here we can get immediately into Holland, or Should they please God otherwise we can return here — The dear little Prince . . . is gone to the Frontier early & returns to night — The English are nearly flown — which will make it easier for us to get

away if necessary — But remember Dearest Mama there would be no *personal danger* even if we staid here & took the Event, only one had rather not be Bonaparte Prisoners.'

Lady Uxbridge, meanwhile, had lost her sister. Caroline wrote to condole with her, but in her next letter (March 28th) apologized for not having had 'long to dwell upon it, for the state this place was in cannot be described; The Guards & German Legion were ordered to march to the Frontiers. Buonaparte was confidently reported to be at Lille with a large Force, & the Consternation this produced was so excessive that every Banking House was shut up & not a Guinea to be procured — Those who could, fled immediately, leaving every thing that could not be immediately packed. All our things were *huddled* together many of them totally spoilt, & the Plate sent off to a Friend's House of this Country — fortunately, however, we possessed ourselves more than some & resolved to remain till the 2d day after, as Antwerp might be resorted to, any Moment; the dear little Prince in the Midst of all this tumult did not forget us — I never was more penetrated than by his coming into us at ten in the Evening with a most cheering Countenance & begging that we would not think of removing As long as his Head Quarters remained here, that we should always have twelve hours notice before it was necessary to move, that we must keep our things packed, & feel perfectly secure — This was the more goodnatured as he had sent to the Commandant the day before to get as many People off as he could in order to avoid unnecessary confusion — Ourselves, Richmonds, Grevilles, Lady Sutton & Daughters are the only English of our Acquaintance

who have weathered it out & we are amply repaid, for the Town is perfectly tranquil & for the present there can be no danger of any Molestation — It would have been ruination to us to move with such a tribe, & thank God we are here now as if nothing had happened, except that I have lost Miss Jones, Maria Stafford, & Hughes; the former could not help it on account of her Father who was bent on returning to England & taking her with him; M. Stafford & Hughes lay it all to their Mothers, but the lat[t]er I own I am vexed & provoked with, she had *promised* to stay till after my confinement; I reminded her of this & urged her to stay till then, but *Panic Struck*, she was determined to go, & set off with Miss Jones &c; as Ostend was reported to be shut up they went to Helvoetsluys, but I am sure poor Miss Jones's Terror of the Sea will never allow her to sail while this dreadful Storm lasts.

'Lord Wellington is expected every hour — His name is a Host in itself. The poor Bourbons have not I'm afraid (except the Duke of Orleans) behaved with the Spirit & Firmness such a moment required — The Duc de Berri³ & Prince de Condé,⁴ Victor,⁵ Berthier⁶ & Maison⁷ are here; The King at Ostend — He has been pressed to come here; Were I him I would do anything sooner than return to England having left it in such triumph a few months [ago].

'Adieu, Dearest blessed Mama, I have very much more to say but am afraid of my letter being too late; Our letters can no longer go or come in the Prince's Bag — Genl. Barnes sends this in the Military Bag — It is said that the Townspeople lose 50,000 Franks a Day by the departures that have taken place.'

A week later, the commotion had died down. '... Long before this reaches you,' wrote Caroline, 'you will, I trust, have heard from me that there has been no necessity for our moving at all from this Place, & after two Days & nights of some hurry & Anxiety we are all just as if nothing had happened, except that Numbers are gone who we do much better without. The King & Queen have been received really with Enthusiasm & wherever they move are accompanied with Acclamations & applause, the best Spirit has shewed itself every where & with the assistance of our good Troops & the Allies who are pouring in I have no doubt of the Security of this Country — But the Tyger has his hands full, I believe, without thinking of Us, for it is credibly said that there is a Very Strong party against him at Paris as well as in other parts of France.

'Capel saw Monsieur* yesterday who expressed the strongest hopes of the Final Success of his Family — Of all the Wretches that ever existed what do you think of Ney? There is a Man here who was present when he went on his knees to the King, bathed his hand with tears, & protested that he would never return to him but with *Buonaparte in a Cage*, He immediately marches his 8000 *tried men* (as he told the King), whose fidelity he could depend upon & joins the Tyrant! — Lord Wellington is not yet arrived but is expected every hour & is as much wished for by Foreigners as English — It is also said that Paget will have the Command of the Cavalry — Poor dear little Soul, If this is true it will be another Source of Anxiety to you — There is to be a grand Fête to morrow at the Hôtel de Ville for their Majesties to which we are

all going, & I do assure you every thing wears the same appearance of Security & tranquility that it did a few weeks ago — Lady George Seymour who was one of the Fugitives to Antwerp has returned, & I daily bless My Stars that our little Prince stopped us from the same useless excursion; However You may tell Dearest Lou⁹ with my love that I still wonder at any one who is in dear Old England leaving it at this time, And this is speaking quite against myself for the joy it would be to me to see her you may easily believe would be indescribable.’

First there had been calm, then almost panic, and now confidence. To her mother’s pleading for her return to England, Caroline replied (in early April): ‘We are in as perfect Security here as you are in London — Lord Wellington is arrived in the highest Spirits & it seems generally believed that Napoleon never was in such a Scrape before — *Certainly* there is a Strong party against him in France & there is *already* a Cordon of 100,000 men between Us & him, without the Russians & Austrians who are yet to join. . . . You must know & feel the Variety of reasons which would make it impossible for me to remove from this Place as long as it is one of security, of which by this time I hope even you have no doubt — I think Lord Wellington allowing, nay even encouraging his Niece¹⁰ to remain here is a sufficient proof of this & I trust has entirely quieted your kind affectionate anxieties about us all — Nothing can be better disposed or more loyal than the People here — The Ball given to the King & Queen at the Hôtel de Ville was most splendid & their reception was all one could wish — The Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill¹¹ (who I am in Love with tell Edward),

the Prince de Condé & Monsieur were there, the latter looking 20 years older than when I last saw him — He squeezed my hand & said he was sorry we should meet again at *Bruxelles* but he hoped *Very soon* to see me at Paris — A true Frenchman for he really appeared in Spirits — I was presented to the Queen yesterday; the Court she held a week ago was only announced in the Morning of the same day, so those who had not their Gowns ready could not attend, this was the Case with Lady George Seymour, Myself & 3 or 4 More for whom she had a private presentation Yesterday; this looks as if She meant to have no more Drawing Rooms — She hates every thing like presentations & I dare say will Curtail as much She can every thing of the kind, Her Manners & appearance are Very pleasing without being Handsome, her Person tall & Good but too thin which makes the particular Style of Dress She wears become her very much — I believe they are to remain here for some time — Louis the 18th has refused to occupy the Palace de Laeken from Motives of delicacy & is still at Ghent.'

Old Lady Uxbridge, her daughter assured her, need not worry unduly about the coming happy event, for 'Lady Fitzroy Somerset is going to stay on & to be confined here in May. . . . Ly. Emily James is to do the same thing at the Hague, where She expects a Woman from England to attend her; As the time would suit exactly She has written to her to ask her terms & whether she would come on to Brussels to me afterwards — So you see Dearest Mama If we were driven into Holland (the most improbable thing that could happen I hear from all Wise heads) I should be sure of this Person, If on the contrary

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we remain quietly here If I cannot get her, there is *an Old Man* here who is reckoned *Famous*'.

To the old givers of Balls were now added new ones recently imported from Vienna. On June 2nd Muzzy reported: 'Tomorrow Ld. Wellington gives a Great Ball. Sir Charles Stewart [Stuart?] *Monday* & the Duke again on *Wednesday*.'

'Balls are going on here', wrote her mother, 'as if we had had none for a year — Nothing ever was so fine or so Magnificent as the review of English Cavalry 3 days ago — It was 30 Miles off, & Capel thought it too great an Undertaking for me or I certainly should have gone, For I could have done it free of expence, Lord Hill having offered me Quarters, & General Barnes relays of Horses; The Day was tremendously Hot however — & part of the Road bad, and as Capel was generous enough not to go himself as I did not, there was nothing to be said — Paget gave a most Magnificent Dinner to above 100 People, & Lord Hill a Breakfast.

'The Duke of W—— has not improved the *Morality* of our Society, as he has given several things & makes a point of asking all the Ladies of Loose Character — Every one was surprised at seeing Lady John Campbell at his House & one of his Staff told me that it had been represented to him her not being received for that her Character was more than Suspicious, "Is it, by —" said he, "then I will go & ask her Myself". On which he immediately took his Hat & went out for the purpose.

'I wonder I have got so far in My Letter without speaking on a Subject Most interesting to me, The unfounded

accusation that has been made against dear Georgy — I am truly obliged to you for having told me, as it gives me the opportunity of justifying her in the fullest manner: She will be upon Oath never to have written one single letter or line to any Man since she has been here, except one to General Taylor the 2d Month After we arrived, on the Subject of some Peach Trees of a particular kind which he had requested some of Us to get for him — Her only Female Correspondent has been Mrs Taylor who questioned her on the Subject of a report she had heard that Georgy was going to be married to —, Georgy's Answer was that there had been what is called a *flirtation* which had Annoyed Papa & Mama Very much, that the Person had left Brussels & the report she had heard was totally unfounded — I think My dearest Mama that tho' you will be glad to find Georgy blameless, you will be disgusted with the illnatured inventions that one is exposed to — Poor little Soul She has been behaving in a most perfect manner on an occasion that it is impossible not to feel for her in, because the person has *everything* to recommend him but that detestable article *Money*, A little of which, at least, one cannot do without — I tell her that in some way or other, She will be rewarded, for having Acted in the Amiable, Sensible way she has done.¹¹ In the mean time She has the complete affection & Confidence of her Father & Myself — I am in treaty about a Governess who lived four or five Years with a very Amiable Family that I am well acquainted with here; She is An English Woman by Birth but has lived constantly abroad, was Married to a French Officer who deserted her & one Child, at least he went to the West

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India Islands many years ago & has never been heard of Since — She has no Talents, but is very well informed & quite capable of teaching the Essentials. She is not at all Handsome & about six & Thirty, very fond of Children & if you are in any difficulty or hurry is a sort of person that will take any trouble or put herself to any inconvenience to assist you; All this sounds so well, that I have written My proposals to her & am now waiting for an Answer from the Hague where she is living with a Family who she intends to quit at all Events — I will tell you the moment I hear the result — I have had the good fortune to meet with an English Cook who having lived 11 years in this Country is *au fait* at everything; The Comfort of getting an English dinner Clean, tidily sent up, & well dressed is unspeakable, After all the Grease, dirt, Drunkenness & Ill temper, I have been contending with these last 11 Months — I am quite afraid of being too well pleased with her For fear of her going away — One of the errors that Many people in England labour under is believing Foreign Servants better than their own. My travels have not at present been very extensive but I will answer for the Servants of *this* Country being in every respect inferiour to ours.'

The moment that she had heard that Caroline was to have another baby, Lady Uxbridge had packed a trunk, full of all the things necessary for her confinement; but on June 5th Caroline was writing: 'I am sorry to say my things are not arrived, as to Thorpe I really think it will be the death of her, & she worries me to death about them just as if I could help it — I thought we should have died of laughing the other Morning, She came up to Georgy

with a Most Serious Face — “Miss Georgiana! I know there is a Trunk arrived at the Belle Vue directed to Lord Uxbridge, don’t you think It might be My Lady’s things?” ’

ii

For a long time Caroline had been looking out for a house outside the city, and as early as March 17th she had written to her mother of her ‘annoyance at the Idea of passing another whole summer in Town. Fortune has befriended me on this Occasion, For we have a delightfull House about 3 Miles from Bruxelles given up to us till the end of August, free of expence — The Gardener keeps up the Garden & sells the Vegetables so there will be no trouble of any kind except to send what Furniture we may want from this House, for the time we are there’. Three weeks later she was ‘thinking of going to *our Château* some time next Month — It is the prettiest place near Bruxelles — on a Hill surrounded by Trees & exactly opposite the Grounds & Palais of Laeken which makes a beautiful view — The House is very large and airy — Oh How I wish I could by the touch of a Wand transport you there!’

On June 10th they completed the removal. Muzzy wrote from ‘Le Château de Walcheuse’ two days later:

‘We arrived here two days ago, My dearest Gd Mama, after a proportionable degree of Bustle and Confusion, and here we are now settled for nearly three months — Cer-

tainly this place is more likely to reconcile us to leaving Bruxelles, than any other. For I never saw a more lovely spot — The House is very large, & we have therefore 5 or 6 Excellent Spare Rooms, & it is built in the oddest manner I ever saw — but certainly very pretty & convenient — The Floors in the Rooms below are beautifully inlaid with different woods, & looking like Polished Marble — The Grounds are very large & well laid out. — Georgy & I have got a delightful little sitting Room, with a beautiful view of the Palais de Laeken & Malines — We are only 2 miles from Bruxelles, so all our Friends ride over constantly, & on Friday next we are going to have a *Pick Nick* Dinner Party in the Grounds. What would I give that My darling Grand Mama was here — At present we have 200 Brunswickers¹ quartered here, but they are soon to be removed. There is a regular little Parade of above 200 Men in the Court Yard every day. Their Dismal Black Uniforms & Deaths head Caps look so pretty. . . .

‘I will tell you who compose our *Pick Nick Dinner* & do, my dear little Grand Mama, think of us. Lady George Seymour & her daughter — Lady Charlotte Greville — Mr, Mrs & Miss Smyth — General Barnes & His Staff — Lord Arthur Hill,² Mr Horace Seymour, Colonel Gordon, Major Dawson, and some few more — General Barnes is to stand God Father to your expected Grand Child. — but we are all against its being called *Edward*, because perhaps it may make him like Uncle Edward Capel,³ & one *such* is *sufficient*.

‘The Duke of Wellington gives a Grand Fête Champêtre next week. Mama says *she* [is] determined *not* to



THE CHÂTEAU DE WALCHEUSE

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stir from this place unless for something *very brilliant*. We have not made the same determination & therefore mean to make Papa Chaperone us to a Ball at the Duchess of Richmond in a day or two. . . .

‘When Mama is confined I promise to write by every Mail, which will be twice a week. — I never saw her in better health or spirits. — She is out a great deal, as the Weather is very fine — She walks down the *Hills* & *we push her up*.’

‘In spite of the delights of Bruxelles,’ wrote Caroline the following day, ‘the Girls are all enchanted with [the Château], & the delight of the little ones you may readily imagine.’ Of her confinement, she begs Lady Uxbridge not to think ‘for some time, It will not I am certain take place sooner than the first week in July — & you know how apt I am to go even beyond the last period that has been fixed for me on these occasions.

‘I should suppose’, she continues, ‘the Commencement of Hostilities (If they ever do begin) cannot be far distant — But Nobody can guess Lord Wellington’s intentions, & I dare say Nobody will know he is going till he is actually gone. In the meantime he amuses himself with Humbuging [*sic*] the Ladies, particularly the Duchess of Richmond — The natives say this Country never was in so bad a State & that they are all ruined — They are Anxious for the War to begin in hopes of getting rid of the burden of so many troops — It is certainly a miserable state to be in; Without these Armies they must be swallowed up by Bonaparte — With them, the inconveniences, Annoyances & expences they are at, should

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make a happy Englishman bless himself & thank Heaven for being born in the only Country free from these Miseries — It is a pleasure to us to hear them all anxious to get the English Quartered on them in preference to any other Nation — We Strangers are all exempt from this Tax, which is very pleasant, tho' I am not sure it is very just — My dear little Mama, how would you like to hear, while you are at Fair Oak, that fifteen Officers were quartered upon you at Surbiton & had taken possession of your best Beds & the contents of your Cellar — And having left your Library locked had found it broke open & all the Maps Cut out of Your Books & carried off! This happened the other day to a friend of ours here who has a very fine Country House a few miles from Bruxelles — Another poor Woman, A Widow Comtesse & three Daughters, came to me the other day to make an apology for not receiving me when she was really at home, but that she had only a Bed room left for every purpose, that she had given up her Dining room to an officer who was Quartered upon her — & that, going for a few hours into the Country, when she returned, She found this Man with a dozen others at dinner in her Drawing room, & when she remonstrated, he said he could not help it, that one room was not enough for him, neither was it large enough, & that he must have both! — Happy happy English — Send all the discontented abroad & let them dare to go back again & find fault with their Situation! These are all inconveniences & hardships which they are obliged to bear in hopes of preventing worse; We found 300 Brunswickers in our Stables & Out houses which are immense, but they are very orderly & are going away directly —

The only mischief they do is by drumming in one's Ears at Six o'clock every Morning, for they Parade in the Court Yard — The Duke of Brunswick is quartered at a House at a little distance from hence — By the bye Paget has won the Heart of a Marquis & Marquise who live in the Park & on whose House he was Billeted — They had prepared every thing for him in a most comfortable Manner & given up all their Ground Floor, but he only remained one night in their House & took up his residence at one of the Hotels, having made the Lady a very handsome Speech for the Accomodation he had met with, but declaring that he could not with any comfort take possession of another Person's House while it was possible to find Lodgings any where else — I believe they were truly sorry to part with him, for his remaining would have kept out others who may not make themselves quite as agreeable. . . .

'Adieu, My very dear Mama, for a Man going to Bruxelles is waiting for My letter — I have had all the Baggage Waggon's belonging to the Adjutant General's Office in requisition for the last week to bring our things here' — There is nothing so convenient as a Military Friend — They smooth all difficulties, particularly such a one as Sir Edward Barnes.'

CHAPTER THREE

JUNE 1815-JUNE 1816

i

EARLY in the morning of June 12th, Napoleon quitted Paris to join his secretly assembled army near the Belgian frontier. On arrival two evenings later, he determined to cross the frontier on the following day, the 15th. That evening, as the Imperial Army poured over the Sambre, the Duke of Wellington attended a ball given by the Richmonds. On leaving, at about 2 a.m. on the 16th, he told his host that he had 'ordered the army to concentrate at Quatre Bras', and it was here that, later in the day, he held off the left wing of Napoleon's army, under Marshal Ney. While the Battle of Quatre Bras was in progress, the Emperor was defeating the Prussians at Ligny and forcing them to withdraw towards Wavre. On the following day (the 17th), Wellington, so as to conform with his ally's retirement, fell back upon the position of Mont St. Jean, where he fought the Battle of Waterloo.

While the Battle was raging, Caroline wrote again to her mother:

'Château de Walcheuse Sunday June 18th

'My Dearest blessed Mama,

'My principal Anxiety at this Moment is your dear self, who will I dare say hear every sort of frightful story about the state of things, and I well know that nothing on the

spot is so alarming or distressing as an anxious imagination at a distance forms to itself — This I can positively assert, that I am very well and not alarmed, the Almighty is very good and gives one strength and nerves for what one is to bear. As to being in a state of great anxiety I do not deny it, for one must be devoid of feeling not to be so — To an English Ear unaccustomed to such things, the Cannonading of a Real Battle is Awful beyond description and to have one's friends walk out of one's Drawing Room into Action, which has literally been the case on this occasion, is a sensation far beyond description — The English Cavalry were not engaged, as you will hear, on the 16th — and I hope to God Paget's elevated rank in the Army may be some security to him when they are — Let us hope the best, my blessed Mama — in the mean time *We* are all packed up and ready for a Start if necessary. — It depends entirely on the Fate of the next battle, which we have great reason to hope will be successfull, for the French have lost an enormous number; and Lord Apsley, who is just come in from the Army, says that the Duke has taken up so strong a position that he does not think they will attack him at present, which will give us a little time — This has indeed come upon us like a Thief in the Night — I am afraid our Great Hero must have been deceived for he has certainly been taken by surprise — There was a general idea that the Army would move forward on the 20th — The Duchess of Richmond gave a sort of Farewell Ball on the 15th — at which all the Military in and about Bruxelles were present — Georgy and Muzzy went to it with Capel — Harriet staid here with me — In the midst of the dancing an express arrived

to the Duke with an account of the Prussians having been beat and the French having advanced within 14 Miles of Bruxelles — You may imagine the Electrical Shocks of such intelligence — Most of the Women in Floods of tears and all the Military in an instant collected round their respective leaders and in less than 20 minutes the room was cleared — Paget and his Staff were amongst these, and added greatly to the Interest of this Awful moment. At three in the morning [of the 16th], Harriet who slept down in my room (As Capel was to stay all night at Bruxelles with the Girls), Harriet and I were woke with a loud Roll of the Drum followed by a Hymn — We both started up exclaiming “It is the Poor Brunswickers, I am sure they are going to March.” But little guessing, that in 24 hours after, out of 7000 we had seen reviewed a week before, only 700 or 800 would remain; they lost their poor Duke, whom they idolized, half an hour after the action began and were literally cut to pieces — His remains, poor fellow, are brought back to Laeken, just opposite this place and the village is full of his wounded followers — It was not two days since I was talking with him and reminding him of dining at Uxbridge House some time ago. Early in the morning I got an Account of what had happened, confirmed, by the Road opposite our House [for] about a Quarter of a Mile being covered, without a Moment’s Interval for hours after, with Regiments of Cavalry, Artillery, Baggage Waggon, &c passing in succession — About 2 o’clock [in the afternoon] of the 16th we first heard the distant Cannonading which approached for some time, and awfull as it was, every breath was hushed to listen the better — I

don't think any one of the party felt a sensation of fear — Anxiety predominated over every other feeling — At Eleven at night we received an Account that the Cavalry had not been engaged, but that our dear General Barnes had distinguished himself most gloriously, had had two horses shot under him and had rallied a Corps of Belgians who were giving way — Oh Mama what a Sensation! He was to have dined with me here at the very moment! — The Poor dear little Prince fought all day in his shirt most gallantly; but those odious Prussians were certainly defective and I fear must not be depended on — We went to bed with the assurance that the French had retreated nine miles and every thing was in a fair way of success; in the morning the first thing we heard was the death of poor Lord Hay, one of the finest young men I ever saw, not twenty years old, and who had been one of our constant friends: His General (Maitland) is missing and it is thought that in an attempt to rescue him he fell — He had a favorite Mare who he called Miss Muzzy (after Maria) and it is very Singular that only a little while ago he said in a half laughing way to Maria — “Remember I shall fall in the first Action and I shall fall on Miss Muzzy; if I have time to speak I shall send her to you, and you must always keep her” — Oh Mama, My heart bleeds! — But in spite of all I am perfectly well, my spirits are good and you know I never come a moment before my time, In some constitutions nothing will affect this; Two or three days, at the utmost, must decide whether it is safe to remain here, and I shall have ample time, if necessary, to reach a place of security and settle myself there before my confinement — If I could make

you feel easy, at least on my account, the greatest part of my anxiety would be alleviated — We had no idea of the necessity of a move till late last night, when we received a note from Bruxelles saying that the Prussians had behaved very ill and were retreating, that Ld. W. had taken up a Position about 5 miles from Bruxelles, and that in case of a Defeat it was thought advisable for the English to retire from Bruxelles.

‘Here I stopt, dearest Mama, on the 18th, not daring to finish my letter or think of sending it till I knew the result of the Events then passing — The Horrors of that night [17th-18th] are not to be forgot — The very Elements conspired to make it gloomy — For the rain and darkness and wind were frightfull and our court yard was filled during the night with poor wounded drenched soldiers and horses seeking for refuge and assistance which you may imagine we administered as well as we were able — They were some of the Brunswickers whom we had heard march the night before — The next day [18th] was passed in various alarming reports. Capel obliged to leave us and spend it in Bruxelles, trying every means to get a conveyance for us in case Ld W was defeated, the report of which reached us, and that the French were in the Town. 2 hours before Capel’s return, I had the horror of *fancying* the Gates were shut and he was detained — At last however he appeared, not a Horse to be had for any sum. The Mayor had put them all in requisition for the Military — 1 man had paid 10 guineas for a pair of Horses to go the first stage to Antwerp, the same difficulty in obtaining a barge; by the greatest interest and acquaintance with the Mayor he got the promise of an order for

one, for which we were to pay 20 guineas; 25 was all we could procure any where for all the Banks were shut up — In this situation, uncertain about the Barge, or the means of getting to it except on Foot, and without any of our baggage, we determined, if every thing failed, to get back into Bruxelles anyhow — For a House in a Wood, without any neighbours or means of assistance in the case of a party of French stragglers coming up, was not to be borne — Heaven however averted any of these evils — for the news reached us early of the total defeat and retreat of the French; personal safety was secured, but what horror was it accompanied with! Three times the fate of the Battle was wavering! Once they thought all was lost, a movement of Lord Wellington's at last proved the means of the most glorious, but without exception the most bloody victory that ever was gained — But Adieu again, Dearest Mama. No paper would hold the anecdotes that reach one's ears every moment; but I have time for no more. You shall hear constantly when I am confined, but that will not be yet. . . .

'Ever your most devotedly affe. and dutifull, c.c.'

The aspect of the battle which touched the Capels closest was the wound which Lord Uxbridge (still 'Paget' to the family) had sustained towards the very end of it. One of his aides-de-camp, on the day after the battle, wrote: '... just as Sir Hussey Vivian's Brigade were going down to the charge, Lord Uxbridge was struck by a grape shot on the right knee which shattered the joint all to pieces. I did not see him fall & went on to the charge, but soon missed him and perceived Seymour [Mr.

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Horace Seymour, one of Lord Uxbridge's aides-de-camp] taking him to the rear. He told me immediately he must lose his leg & then began conversing about the action & seemed to forget his wound in the exultation for the Victory. When the Surgeons examined it, they all agreed that it would be at the imminent danger of his life to attempt to save the limb. He only said "Well Gentlemen I thought so myself and if amputation is to take place the sooner it is done the better". He wrote a short note to Lady Uxbridge, saying that if he had been a young single man he would probably have run the risk, but that he would preserve his life for her & his children if possible. During the operation, he never moved or complained, no one even held his hands. He said once quite calmly that he thought the instrument was not very sharp. When it was over his nerves did not appear the least shaken, and the Surgeon observed his pulse was not altered. He said smiling "I have had a pretty long run, I have been a *Beau* these 47 years and it would not be fair to cut the young men out any longer"; and then asked us if we did not admire his vanity. I have seen many operations, but this neither Lord Greenock nor myself could bear. We were obliged to go to the other end of the room. I thank God he is doing as well as possible. There has been no fever and the Surgeons say nothing can be going on more favourably.'²

An awkward social problem now confronted the Capels. It concerned their relationship with Lord Uxbridge's wife, who would certainly come over from England to be at the side of her wounded husband.

In the early part of 1809, immediately on his return from the gruelling experience of commanding Sir John Moore's cavalry in the Corunna campaign, Paget had eloped with Lady Charlotte Wellesley, the wife of Wellington's younger brother (the Hon. Henry Wellesley). He had thereby deserted his first wife (by whom he had had six children), and caused a first-class family and public scandal. Wellesley had immediately obtained a divorce on the grounds of the adultery of his wife, and had recovered from Paget £20,000 in damages.³ Before the end of 1811, Paget had succeeded in dissolving his marriage under Scottish law, and had married Lady Charlotte. The first Lady Paget soon afterwards married the Duke of Argyll,⁴ and some time later Henry Wellesley also remarried. All these new marital combinations, it seems, turned out satisfactorily, but the social stigma which attached itself *only* to the wife who had dared to leave her husband and marry another's, remained with her for the rest of her life. She was not spoken to by the respectable members of the Paget family — at least not by the ladies; but now Caroline would have to meet her erring sister-in-law and, what was worse, so would the Misses Capel.⁵

Five days after the battle, Georgy wrote to her grandmother: 'Many interesting things have occurred lately my dear Grandmama; we are told that frequently *good* proceeds from *evil*, May we not hope the late unfortunate circumstance may be the cause of a happy reunion in the Family.' Three days later Caroline reported that 'My Lady [Uxbridge] arrived last night and I am going with Berkeley to *Swallow my Pill* at one o'clock. . . . I rejoice

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that Paget has this honor^e — but I am sorry to have dear Old Uxbridge sunk into a Second Title — & again I rejoice that [Lady Uxbridge] will no longer bear the same name with your pure, virtuous, precious Self. . . . Your most devotedly affte. and dutifull daughter, CAR: CAPEL. I open my letter to say *the Interview* is over which for my sake you will be glad to hear’.

Meanwhile, the new Marquis, wrote Georgy, ‘was looking remarkably well. I don’t know whether you are acquainted with his Aide de Camp Mr Horace Seymour son of Lord Hugh Seymour. Whether you [are] or not, if the most devoted and unremitting attention, the most extravagant admiration for Lord U: can endear him to you, I will ensure your affection for him; if he was his *own son* he could not show more anxiety, more unceasing solicitude; he was close to him when he received the wound and never left him, he reads to him in the course of the day and is ready to attend to him the moment he calls upon him at night, he wrote us a very satisfactory account of him before Mama saw him. Before he arrived at Bruxelles he said, “You may depend upon it that no single comfort that man can devise shall be left untried to alleviate the situation of your *perfect Brother* and the most *perfect Hero that ever breathed*.” Have I not *now* said enough in Mr Seymour’s favour, my dearest Grandmama? Paget [Lord Uxbridge’s eldest son] has been here for the last 3 days, he came from the Austrian Head Quarters at Heidelberg with dispatches from Lord Stewart to the Duke of Wellington at Maubeuge, which place the British are now besieging; and there the inhabitants are likely to hold out — My dearest Grandmama

how can I describe all the horrors of a Hospital Station — which Brussels is — the streets crowded with wounded wretches and with waggons filled with dead and dying — the atmosphere is so much affected by it that many English are thinking of quitting Bruxelles in fear of pestilence — fortunately for us our position is elevated and the air purer. We are detained from our château by Muzzy's having the measles; she is going on very well and it has not extended itself to the rest of the family. Mama's Trunk is arrived and she has got her Nurse so that I now begin to think everything will go on well — I have not yet seen Lord Ux: Mr Seymour would not allow me to go yesterday when Mama went, because he said I should cry and that he was in *particularly good spirits* — We like Paget very much he spends every Evening with us and is very agreeable and *so* like all my Uncles; he was very moving about his Father — I believe we return to our Château on Tuesday or Wednesday next. You would have been much surprised at Maria's heroism — I really never saw anything to equal it, except Lord Ux:, she certainly has shewn *Paget* blood. By the by Mr Seymour said that he [Lord Uxbridge], if possible outdid himself, that in the course of one day he charged *Seventeen times* even at the Head of *Every Company*. We are all employed constantly in making *Lint* for the unfortunate wounded; it is impossible to shew more humanity than the Belgians do for them, all the shopkeepers spend much of their time in their service. Brussels looks very dismal indeed to us who have seen it in such gaiety, the Park quite deserted, nothing but wounded men wandering about. Hundreds of dead horses lying also, having been shot since they

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came into the Town. Upon the Ramparts not far from us 3,000 dead bodies are exposed, there not being room to bury them; a Gentleman who past thro' the Plains of Waterloo yesterday declares that he saw several men *living* heaped upon dead bodies, indeed it is too horrible — The Duke of Wellington never was known to be in such low spirits as he was in consequence of the blood shed at Waterloo, which they say exceeded any that ever was shed at any other they remember. *We* have lost 3 friends and many other intimate acquaintances wounded — Poor Colonel Gordon' will be a great loss to Lord Wellington — I am sure I shall make you melancholy, my dear grand-mama, by these true but dismal details — Lord U: begins to be very fidgetty and tired of his Beds, he has *four* and he is moved about from one to the other. He [has] delightful airy Rooms and every accommodation the most comfortable; he has been sitting upon a couch today for the first time; he is really the surprise of everyone. Mama hopes to get him to our Château as soon as he is able to do without Medical attendance, and I am sure we will be all attention to him, and we have two very nice Rooms quite detached from the Nursery which would just do for him — When Mama is confined you may depend upon regular accounts.'

'Paget is dressed and sitting up in his chair as if nothing had happened,' wrote Caroline on June 26th, 'he is the wonder of everyone. . . . There is scarcely a House in the Town that has not some wounded in it — The humanity of the People of this Place is most praiseworthy — I never saw such zeal and perseverance; but it is almost entirely directed to the English and Scotch, who they call their

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saviours and deliverers — The Prussians who, tho' their Allies, have been their Scourge, do not fare quite so well — I would not tell you in my last letter the anxiety I was feeling about Muzzy on whom the Meazles broke out the very Morning I came back to Bruxelles — I had also the Horror of the whole family catching them, some with me here, and part in the Country — Thank God she has had them in the very slightest way possible, has scarcely a vestige left of them and none of the others have shewn any symptoms, tho' if they could all have them in the same way I should be too happy to get them over — I am now only waiting for Mrs Newman [the maternity nurse], to return to Walcheuse — I expect her to-day — Ly. Emily [James] took flight at that dreadful moment and she was obliged to go with her to Antwerp — This was another source of anxiety to us which I was determined you should not know till it was over — I should merely have come up to Town of a Morning to see Paget, but Capel would not hear of My Sleeping in the Country till the return of Mrs N — from the uncertainty of being able to procure assistance, which I am at least sure of here — But the uncomfortable state we are all in amounts to being laughable. It was not, we hoped, worth while to remove any furniture or Comforts of any kind and we are literally lying on the Floor with one Mattress apiece and all other things in proportion; I continued to give Berkeley and Graves^a a scrambling breakfast to-day and I hope they will come and see me when I am a little more comfortably established — The events of the last week have passed in such rapid succession and are so astonishing that one really feels bewildered by them — We have at least reaped

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Security tho' at so dreadfull an expence — An account came yesterday of the Abdication of Bonaparte and the near approach of Lord W to Paris — I am at this moment out of humour with the latter, for his odious Despatch in which no one is done justice to — The Prince at least has bestowed on Paget a well deserved Honor — But how Many are not noticed in any way, who have fought like Lions and suffered like Martyrs — Amongst them our friend Sir E. B.'

By the end of the first week in July, Muzzy's measles being over, the family had moved back to the Château de Walcheuse, and on the 7th, Caroline wrote again:

'I intended to have written by my Brothers, but their departure was so sudden that I had not the opportunity — I knew Paget meant to set out in two or three days, but I never was so surprised as when Capel returned one morning from Bruxelles and said he left him getting into his Carriage' — I shall feel very anxious to hear that he has not suffered from the journey; I think you will be most agreeably surprised at seeing him so soon, and I trust so well — He was the astonishment of every body here. . . .

'Bruxelles . . . is now totally deserted except by the sick and wounded; for the few remaining English are all dispersed to Spa or elsewhere — I am enjoying quiet and security in a very beautiful spot, after scenes such as I never expected to witness; and full of gratitude to the Almighty for the nerves and strength of mind with which he enabled me to go thro' a most tremendous Moment (taking every circumstance into the account) and for not having suffered at all in consequence.'

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Caroline had been very distressed at receiving no letters from her mother since June 14th, due, she supposed, 'to the late misery and confusion'. However, on July 12th, Georgy wrote that they had 'just had a delightful parcel of letters from you, no less than four which had lain till yesterday in the Military Post Office; we thought that you had written and Mama has been expecting Letters for a long while but supposed they had followed the Duke of Wellington's Head Quarters which had been advancing towards Paris every day.

'The British are now encamped sur les Champs Élysées and Shoals of English are flocking there to see every thing, one would think from the precipitancy with which they flew there the moment that they heard that the white flag had been hoisted, that they thought Paris would run away; it is I think rather premature for families to go there, — Lady Frances Wedderburne Webster is gone for the purpose of being confined there — Long before you receive this, my dear Grandmama, you will have seen Paget and certainly if anything can reconcile you to the loss he has sustained, it must be the remembrance of the glory by which it was purchased, and if ever Mother had reason to be proud of a son you have and I am sure it would do your Heart good to hear the manner in which he is spoken of. He had his picture drawn after his return from Waterloo. I went to see it yesterday and think it very like, it is to be painted on a cup and People are extremely anxious for its completion; you shall have one and I think it will look very well on the Chimney piece at Surbiton; there is also to be one of Lady Anglesey but *that* is not so like — We all wish very much to know how

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he has borne his journey and are therefore very impatient for yr. next letter. It was very *moving* to see that fine Creature whom I had seen at a Ball only a week before in high health and beauty, disabled. He was all kindness to us and I hope our prolonged absence will not make him forget a reconciliation produced by such interesting circumstances — Paget is a delightful Boy, he and I are very good friends and intend to be very good correspondents, tho' I am afraid he will find less time for writing in London than I shall at Walcheuse — Muzzy and I went to Brussels yesterday to spend the day with Mrs. F. G. Smyth, and we went to see two diamonds which a Soldier's wife found in the pocket of a dead soldier at Waterloo which she offered to a jeweller here for *40 francs*, about two Napoleons; the jeweller, with a degree of honesty not very often to be found, told her that they [were] worth at least 6000£ being two of the finest stones ever seen and supposed to have belonged to the Queen of Westphalia who had been robbed; they were found in the pocket of a Prussian soldier who you know are the greatest Plunderers that ever existed; the woman's fortune is made and the Diamonds bought by an Englishman yesterday. It is wonderful the immense quantities of jewels which have been found amongst the dead on the field of the Battle, particularly amongst the Prussians. Poor Brussels is transformed from the gayest to the dullest place on earth, full of wounded who fly to England the moment they are released from the hands of the surgeon. All the English have flocked to Spa which is now in season and must be delightful. I wish I was going there but it is in vain to *wish* it as it is impossible. All our acquaintances here have

made or are going to make tours thro' Switzerland, Italy and Germany. Oh How I envy them. The Prince of Orange is just gone to Paris having fidgetted himself almost to death to go; he has taken a house at Spa whither he is recommended to go for his health, the very circumstance of his having been recommended to, makes it more than probable that he will not, as he has a particular antipathy to doing anything which he has been advised to do; this is visible even upon the most trivial occasions, and he says is a strong proof of a great character and a great *Mind*. Obstinacy certainly formed a striking part of the character of Frederick the Great and Charles the 12th of Sweden, so far he is right therefore. He has firmly established himself at Brussels where he is adored and I believe the Belgians consider him the *first General of the age*.¹⁰ We hear that he never will be straight again which is a great pity as his Figure was his only personal attraction.¹¹ He has never forgotten us, he has been here twice since his wound, in the most amiable manner, and we expect him again when he returns from Paris, as he does not mean to remain there, only to shew himself. Our dear General Barnes left us yesterday for Paris, very unfit for it, but he is an obstinate one and was determined upon going; they all think it such fun to be quartered at some great Hotel at Paris because they used to joke about it a hundred years ago when it was thought very improbable — We see very few people now except the Richmonds, Grevilles and Smyths; there are few in Brussels, Sir Sydney and Lady Smyth and the Miss Rumbolds we know only slightly and thank Heavens the acquaintance has not improved. The Duchess of Richmond is in a *sweet temper*

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because the Duke is going to Paris and will not take her and her whole family — We heard yesterday from Lady Charlotte Greville that Aunt Louisa¹² was coming to Spa. I hope it is true but we have learnt to believe nothing that is said *in* or *near* Brussels, which, with all its *agrémens*, is certainly the most story telling, gossiping place that ever was formed out of chaos. Harriet, Muzzy and I take most delightful walks about the country, with which we are now as well acquainted as we are with every street in Brussels, and we rather *pique* ourselves upon our singular *adroitness* in discovering new roads and Lanes, and we always keep two particular objects before us, which lead us right, they are the great Church of St. Gudule in Brussels and the Château de Laeken close to our Château. I think we should make very good Aid de Camps. Harriet is no longer the idle girl she used to be at Horton, when we never could make her stir, even as far as the Copper Mills at Wraysbury. Poor little Mama walks very well indeed and looks beautiful; we all hope she will have a boy because we have settled such a pretty name for him.

‘I trust you will be able to read my scrawl which is not very bad considering [I] am writing with a Pen mended with a *pair of scissors* — You don’t know how anxious I am for an answer from you to my *last* letter, you dear pretty nice Love, and remember me when next you have put your pretty self before your *Green* writing desk — No!! Your Russian Leather Box — I recollect everything as they used to stand at Surbiton so well. . . . I think you would like our Château which is quite immense and very pretty, and full of Grottoes, subterranean Caves, Ruins, Alcoves, Summer Houses, shady walks, winding paths,

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water Cascades, Rivulets, and *wounded Heroes* — the latter is imaginary; the only three who deserve the *former* application added to the *latter* are the Prince of Orange, General Barnes, and Major Dawson, but Mama was very much in hopes that if Lord Ux: had not been so anxious to return to England that he would have past a few days with us and I am sure we would have done everything to have made him forget as much as possible his misfortune — I shall be more obliged to you than I can express if you would do me one little favor and that is to ask Paget whether by mistake two large Volumes of "*The Campaigns in Spain and Portugal*" were not packed up with his Father's Baggage. I had lent them to Horace Seymour who went off to Paris in a bustle and I suppose forgot to give any directions about them and left them at Lord Uxbridge's Quarters at the Marquis D'Assches. If they are to be found may I beg of you to take them under your care to Surbiton, but do not give yourself any trouble. Now my dearest grand mama you will think I have written enough. I am desired to say everything most dutiful and affectionate from the whole family to you my dearest grandmama and

'Believe me your most devoted and affecte.
grand child, GEORGY.'

'I heard', wrote Caroline in her next letter, 'of Paget having arrived in good health at Ostend, and shall be anxious to know that he has reached Uxbridge House and got thro' the first interview with you and his Children which must be a very affecting one.'

‘The pestilential air of Brussels’, wrote Georgy on July 15th, ‘is clarified and the wounded are encamped out of the town that is to say a great number of them — The Field of Battle is now quite sweetened but I should think this hot weather wd. prevent its continuance as the unfortunate dead Bodies are only slightly covered with earth. A great number of bodies have been found in the Corn by the Reapers within the last day or two, and it is said that the People living nr. Waterloo have realized fortunes by plunder, there are remaining upon the field thousands of the most moving English and French Letters from the Friends of the fallen, and caps pierced with Balls and all the inside filled with congealed Blood under a Tree in the Midelle [*sic*]. A great number of caps are lying just as they were left and the trunk of a tree quite battered by shots. In this tree a boy of the age of fourteen stood during the Battle, and with the most perfect security saw the whole; he had previously asked his father’s leave to ride to see it, which being refused, he bethought himself of a better expedient. He is the son of a Belgian Marquis and Papa heard this anecdote from him. Considering Lady Anglesey and Berkeley and Lord Graves, and so many whom you have seen, have been to the Field, I think it is rather ridiculous of me to enter into these details, however I hope and think they will not bore you. Muzzy and I talk over all these Horrors to this day, with as much interest as if they had occurred within this week, and they have almost entirely made us forget the

delightful Balls at the Duke of Wellington's which preceded them.

'Mama', she continues, 'is still quite well and has, I believe, put off being confined till next year.' But the following evening she is able to close her letter with: 'I have the happiness of telling you that Mama was brought to bed of a girl at a quarter past five this afternoon, she was ill for a very short time and it was over in a moment, she and the baby are uncommonly well. Of course Mrs Newman, Thorpe, &c, have declared that the child is like Papa and Mama and You, indeed like everybody; but what is more to the purpose, Mrs Newman says she never saw a finer baby or such a large one, and very fair with blue eyes, she says it wd. make four of Ly. Emily James's — we will allow a little for exaggeration — we have all seen Mama who looks like a little rose. The moment the child was born she kissed it and said "Poor little thing I forgive you for being a Girl" which is more than we do. Her Room is close to the Drawing Room so that it requires a great deal of attention to prevent noise — we are very dismal and dull this evening. Papa is gone to Brussels to tell the news and Mama is asleep and my sisters very stupid. I had the dear little baby on my lap for an hour before it was drest which is longer than Mrs Whitehurst wd. have allowed, but Mrs Newman does not make such a fuss. As we settled its being a boy, we are quite *dérouté'd* by its being a girl, as we have neither fixed upon a name or sponsors, but I am afraid it will have Belgians.'

Caroline reported next day that she was well. 'As well as the little *Girl*, who I am rather provoked is not a young

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Hero as you had predicted. However I suppose it is right as it is; and I am too happy to have it over.'

But now further anxiety pressed upon her, for her husband had 'been very seriously ill, and you know [that he] is not a very good patient, particularly now that I have not been able to attend him myself — He is, thank God, better after Bleeding, blistering, &c in profusion, but he looks, poor fellow, most dreadfully'.

Sir Edward Barnes was decided upon as the new baby's godfather.

'I hope', wrote Georgy on the 23rd, 'we may now expect dear General Barnes's return, thanks to *Buonaparte* whose captivity has kindly interposed in our favour. We hear that Bruxelles is again to become a scene of Gayty and dissipation in consequence of the Congress Meeting here,¹ but I own I do not look forwards to the approaching Balls and Assemblies with the pleasure I once did, because I think they *never* can give me as much. The news of Buonaparte's being taken caused much and universal rejoicing, not only in Brussels but all over the Country; nothing was to be heard but Squibs and Crackers, the whole town brilliantly illuminated and the guns fired upon the Ramparts. The streets filled with People the whole night and a general confusion appeared to reign all over the Town. And along the Antwerp Chausee, which is immediately vis à vis, the few soldiers that are remaining, testified their noisy joy by loud cheers and songs. It is very satisfactory to see the detestation in which Buonaparte is generally held hereabouts, particularly as the Belgians have hitherto lived rather under suspicion — We have not seen those who are his supposed



LORD PAGET
later 1st Marquess of Anglesey



SIR EDWARD BARNES

friends since his fall, and therefore do not yet know whether they bear the frustration of *their* plans with philosophy. We expect one of them, the Marquise de Frazenies [?] this evening, so you see what *bad company we keep* — Paris is now the *resort*, but I have quite changed my inclination for going there since I wrote last; it cannot, however, well be more uninteresting than Brussels at this moment, not quite so much so, as Paris wd. have, to me at least, the all powerful charm of *Novelty*, but you my dearest Grand mama, who know human nature so well, must be aware that one's happiness in a place depends very little upon its own perfections or imperfections. . . .

'The Duchess of Richmond has been very assiduous in her attentions and really very kind, which she knows how to be when she pleases, she is [in] a grand fuss to get to Paris to which the Duke is very much averse. Oh! those Lords of the Creation must have their own way, let that way be the worst. That wicked Mr Webster who was to have married Madlle. de Hamm, has used her extremely ill, set off to England and left her *in the lurch in hystericks*, and throws all the blame upon Lady Holland.² He never can show his ugly face in Brussels again, so he has wisely given up his *Aide Campship* to the Prince of Orange — Muzzy saw Mr Forbes[']s³ Madlle. de Ghistelles yesterday at the window of her house, poor creature "the shadow of her former self". She has got her picture which he wore round his neck in the Battle of Waterloo, almost shivered to pieces. I hope you like little romantic anecdotes as much as I do. I am afraid my Aunt Jane will think this *Light reading* for her young Ladies so my pretty Grandmama pray do not diffuse *my folly* — all my Romance

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is natural for I never peep into a novel, not so much from goodness as from necessity, for Mama will not subscribe to any of the numerous circulating Libraries in Brussels; but that fertile inventor *necessity* makes me compose my ideas into romance to *please* myself and *amuse* others — We never hear from any of our *Spa* friends and I am so *malicious* that I hope Paris will spoil Spa. Lady Charlotte Greville foretells that Spa will be stupid and that everybody will be tired of it, and then, with an air of innocence, adds “*I shall not go*”, NOT AT ALL meaning that its particular stupidity is in consequence of *this determination*. She intends to get rid of Mr. Greville by persuading him that he has spasms which the waters of Aix La Chapelle will remove, she having packed him off with Prince Auguste D’Arenberg, will have opened a large field for her *minauderies* for we know, some of us, by experience that when “the cat is away the mice will play”. Am I not very severe? No, I am not in *heart*, only in *word*, and that only in joke, tho’ I am not in a merry mood; but dearest Mama is all kindness to me and I know it will give you real satisfaction to hear from me that the most perfect confidence exists between her and I, and the consideration and indulgence I have received from her only makes me the more repent that I should ever have shewn a want of it to her, but I have been the sufferer by it and I hope it will be by you, as it has been by her, *forgiven* and *forgotten* — Tho’ I don’t like a *Lecture* more than I did, I would willingly have one from you to hear your dear little voice again, but I hope, whenever we meet, I shall drive all lecturing from your mind by all I shall have to say — I cannot write anymore, my dearest Grandmama, not

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because I have no more to say, but for a more plausible reason, that I have no more paper, this being actually the last sheet in the house except what Mama is going to write upon. Thank Heavens it is out of my power to make that old stale finale of "Adieu the Post waits" — I hate commonplace words, actions, thoughts and People; so, my dearest Grandmama, as you are not commonplace, or Mama either, I may hope that I am not, but that I am your most dutiful and affec. Gd Child

GEORGIANA CAPEL.'

The following day Louisa takes up the story. 'Mama . . . I am delighted to say continues wonderfully well, likewise the dear little baby. She is really grown beautiful. . . . Her name is certainly to be either *Malvina* or *Elizabeth*. We are all for the former, Mama for the latter. Papa is much better and if *he chuses* to do as he is desired, and *takes care of himself* he will soon be as well as ever. Oh Grand Mama, what delightfull news, Buonaparte's being taken Prisoner, all fighting is I trust at an end. . . . The Cannons [are] firing from the Ramparts and guns in every corner of the Streets; I cannot help thinking how wonderfull it is the *number* of *different* things that have occurred during the last *five weeks*, the *very different* sensation this firing *gave us*, and *that* on the 16th of June. Those 4 days will be effaced [*sic*] on my mind to the *longest day* I live, though I think never did we any of us feel less for ourselves.'

Nearly seven weeks after the battle, the Misses Capel were taken to view the Field of Waterloo. 'I made them go to Waterloo with the D. of Richmond for I really thought some dissipation necessary,' wrote their mother. Next day Georgy wrote the following description:

'Nobody could view everything with more deeply interested feelings than I did, as I had so many objects of interest engaged upon the same occasion. The road approaching the position of Waterloo from Brussels is beautiful as it is thro' a fine wood. Each side of the Chausee is marked with mounds of earth covering dead horses, and, to this moment, there are many caps, broken swords and knapsacks stript of their contents; and, lying by the roadside, the damaged biscuit, and the spilt corn which has taken root, shews the track of our soldiers; the road is still very much cut up on each side of the Chausee by the heavy waggons and baggage. Before we reached the plains of Waterloo, we past thro' the village and went into Lord Uxbridge's quarters. Oh my dear Grand Mama, how can I express what I felt When the old woman shewed us into the room in which he had been carried, the chair on which he sat when his limb was amputated *with blood* upon it. His boot which had been cut off, and the bedding, also covered with *his* blood; she shewed me exactly the spot and answered the numerous questions put to her, most satisfactorily. She appears to feel thoroughly the honor of having sheltered *such a Hero* under her roof and spoke of him in a manner that would have warmed

your heart as I am sure it did mine; from the house we went into her pretty neat little garden in the *centre* of which his leg is interred, it was overgrown *with weeds, which we cleared away*. The old woman is expecting a stone with an inscription from Brussels which is to be laid upon it. She also praised his whole *État Major* which comprised two of our particular Sett [*sic*], and begged we would say "Milles choses de sa part" to Lord Uxbridge, as he was "le plus brave Homme du Monde"; this I hope you will say, if you, who must know best, think he will be gratified by the humble and grateful remembrance and admiration of an old woman — From this interesting spot we went to the Duke of Wellington's quarters, which were also the Prince of Orange's, where we saw his bed [the Prince's] covered with blood and the door upon which he [was] carried off the field. The King has been to see these tokens of his son's sufferings, and the Queen is expected soon. We were also shewn many others, which, as they only concerned Colonel Gordon and several people with whom I believe you are not acquainted, it will only bore you. From thence we proceeded to the position of Waterloo; it would be vain to endeavour to express all the different feelings with which I saw the scene of such horrors, but you can understand them, I am sure. We went to the Farm of Hugoumont, walking across a great part of the Field over graves loosely covered with earth, when our presence scared away thousands of crows and ravens from their ungrateful office. I never saw such marks of war and ravage as at this house, which was almost entirely unroofed, The walls perforated by balls and blackened by fire which had destroyed a great part of it. We went into

Generals Maitland's and Byng's Quarters who commanded the Brigades of Gds. *I* went to see the part of the Farm occupied by Colonel Wyndham which was one mass of black and smoke, broken rafters, dust, cinders, old bones, bricks, shattered windows, balls, Guard caps and many things which evinced the horrid scenes which this once peaceful little farm had witnessed. We then proceeded to the Garden and saw a high wall in which Genl. Byng had caused great holes to be made, from whence the Guards fired upon the French, who were in possession of a small wood on one side of the house; [it] was in defence of this house *upon* which I am told the fate of the day so much depended, where the poor Guards were so dreadfully slaughtered and where poor Hastings Forbes met his death. The trees are literally barked, balls sticking in them and the ground torn up and strewn with caps and splinters, cannon shots, letters, &c.; we then went into the orchard belonging to the farm where the Grenadeers had behaved so well; in the garden we saw a grave of an officer of the Guards with flowers planted over him. We then went in La Belle Alliance, memorable for being the spot on which the Duke of Wellington and Blucher met after the Battle; at a distance we saw the Telegraph erected by Buonaparte and where they say he mounted to view the fight. But the spot most interesting to me was yet to come, near a house called Haye-Sainte near the road to Chaleroy which was occupied by the French and where *your own* dear Paget made such a magnificent charge. I felt more at hearing and seeing all that concerned the *Cavalry* than at all the rest. The Lennoxes feel quite differently, they think the *Guards* are superla-

tive, chacun à son gout. I would give anything in the world to go over the whole with him, or with someone who would energetically feel what I do, and explain all I wish to know in their own language, not *womanised*, for tho' I do not pretend to understand their *military* terms it loses much of the effect when the same sense is conveyed in *civil* terms; we spent several hours in walking and driving about to all the different positions and then return[ed] to Waterloo to dine in the *Prince's* room. After dinner we went to see the grave of a Colonel Richard FitzGerald of the Life Guards who died of his wounds and who was entered in a Catholic burying ground; the spot particularly struck my fancy, it is in a beautiful wood, to reach it we past thro' a Paddock overgrown with underwood; the back of the grave, upon which there was a long inscription, was sheltered by the thick wood, in the front were the dreary plains of Waterloo, as if he had retired from the scenes of his *Glory* to *seek and find rest in these quiet shades*; there was something so tranquil in the whole and so unlooked for on the spot so near the field, that for a moment I forgot what *horrible* commotions had purchased *that* tranquillity; "Night came, the moon from the East looked on the mournful field, in the narrow plain beneath the oak he lies; a dim ghost defends his tomb — Peace, Peace, Peace to the souls of the Heroes, their deeds were great in fight" — Do not think me very romantic when I own to you that I was thinking of Ossian very often yesterday, and when we walked over the graves I fancied one of the nights he describes so beautifully — "the leaves whirl round the wind and strew the graves of the dead — at times are seen the Ghosts of the departed when the musing

hunter alone slowly stalks over the field". Hastings Forbes is buried in Brussels and poor dear Colonel Gordon near one of the gates of this town: "A tree stands alone and marks the slumbering Hero." — I believe I have now told you all the particulars of our adventure yesterday, it made us quite melancholy; we had most propitious weather but I think I should have preferred the Moon to the Sun — Peace which had been scared away, appears almost afraid to return again — tho' the ground is ploughed and many an unhallowed grave disturbed and affords food to flocks of birds of prey — Such, my dear Grand Mama, is a true and faithful account and I hope it has not fatigued yr. attention. I forgot to say that Muzzy and I bought two cotton handkerchiefs from the fat old woman at Ld Uxbridge's Quarters *pour l'amour de mon oncle sans doute et de son État Major*.

'... Mama and Miss Cecilia, Camilla, Theodosia, Elizabeth, Geraldine, Valerie, Priscilla, (who claims all these names without possessing one) are quite well. Papa I am sorry to say is not at all so, tho' he is better than he has been and we are all very good nurses.'

'I have now hopes,' wrote an anxious Caroline next day, 'of seeing poor dear Capel relieved from very great suffering — A Tumour has formed on the . . . nape of the neck . . . It was found necessary to open it, which was done this morning; the operation was most painful from the position and depth of the tumour, and I called in a second medical man before it was performed — They . . . assure me that his general health will be improved by it . . . I would not tell you of this before, or allow the girls to do so, but it has been a sad time for us all. For three

weeks, he has, I am certain, not had three hours sleep or cessation of pain — For days together nothing remained on his stomach. . . . Thank God he is now asleep, Laudanum having for the first time taken effect.'

On August 10th, he was still suffering greatly, but Georgy could write that he was 'going on entirely to the satisfaction of the Surgeon . . . Papa's illness makes me more than ever pity *Batchelors*; for after all, what is so kind, so useful as a woman, and what miserable helpless wretches men are without them, if they require any sort of comfort or attendance. The Baby does not at all suffer from Mama's anxiety. . . .

'P.S. I should be more obliged to you than I can express if you would send me a Bottle of "Mather's Ointment" to keep the Hair on, for mine has fallen off to such a degree that it is quite thin and no remedy that I have yet had has had any effect.¹ I hope you will forgive this request, my dearest GrandMama, but pray do not put yourself to any trouble about it. God bless you, my dear beautiful creature.'

Five days later, Georgy disclosed further worries. 'Poor Jane [now 10] has been very unwell with an intermittery Fever but is better now, but we have had a very sick house . . . and have learnt lately, when *too late*, that this Château is considered very unhealthy.'

Her mother, in a postscript, said: 'The poor little Baby has not hitherto suffered, thank God, which is wonderfull; I long to get away from this Place, beautifull as it is — All but 5 days from the 10th to the 16th of June, has been a series of Alarm, hurry, confusion; sickness, anxiety and fatigue; Here and there a bright hour.'

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By September 4th, Capel had 'much recovered, he now suffers but little & looks much better tho' still very thin & weak, but as he gets out into the Air all this will come right by degrees'.

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But Caroline's troubles were far from over. The ending of a period of anxiety was quickly followed by one of stark tragedy.

'The painful task', wrote Muzzy on the 25th, 'has devolved upon Me, My very dearest Grand Mama, to acquaint you with the death of our dear little Baby. I have now a letter before me which I had written to you last Saturday to tell you that she had been ill a week but was then much better & considered out of danger — Sunday Morning at about 6 she was taken suddenly worse — Mama was immediately alarmed by the fixed & glassy look of her beautiful eyes — & Mr. Doratt, who was sent for, said she could not outlive the day — Mama insisted upon holding her in her arms — every thing which could be thought of was tried — but without effect, & the little angel expired with her face on Mama's breast, at a little past eleven, but so peaceably that we did not perceive it till several minutes had passed — Dearest Mama gave her Baby one kiss — & Papa supported her, while we removed the child, & laid it out, washed & Dressed it ourselves — Since that, Mama has never left its side — And behaves like a perfect Angel — I sat up with it last night for I

loved it so much, and held its little cold hand all the time — Oh! My dearest Grand Mama, you can have no idea of any thing so lovely as she looks. — Mama's resignation is admirable, I never can forget it — But she was *such* a treasure, *So* angelic *so* beautiful she was the admiration of the town — & we were so proud of her — We have had her picture taken — Poor little Lady Emily James's Baby who was nearly the same age was taken ill the same Day that our Darling was, & died in its Mother's arms the day *before* ours — I never beheld such grief, absolutely amounting to distraction, as both her's & Mr. James's — The two little Angels are to be buried together — I believe tomorrow — Miss James — 3 of us — & Bladen¹ will attend them — The Burial Ground is just outside the town, — the same where the officers killed at Waterloo were buried. — Our dear Baby's illness began by a violent complaint in her Bowels which for 4 or 5 days resisted every effort to cure it — repeated Warm Baths — Dalby's Carminative, &c. — at length succeeded & for two days she was better — the complaint then returned, with redoubled violence accompanied by very slight Convulsions & Spasms — she was much better again on the Saturday night — & we were all happy and easy about her — she slept very well. It was at 6, when Thorpe was feeding [her on] Sunday Mornng. that she became so suddenly changed — She evidently suffered *little* which was a very great comfort — I never saw any Body dead before, much less die — & a little darling that I adored as I did her, was dreadful. Mama cries a great deal & kneels all day by her child's side — but she is much better than you wd. expect — For her health you need not, My beloved Gd. Mama,

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be uneasy for she is as tractable as possible — I will write by the next Mail but I am sure you will forgive my writing more now. I am so tired & wretched. There is nobody in the world but you that I cd. write to now. I am sitting by My darling darling Baby, So heavenly a thing you never saw — I used to tell mama she was too lovely for this world, & she is the only Baby I ever loved. Oh how I wish you were with us. — you wd. be such a comfort to my blessed Mother. — she is always talking of you, & saying what would My blessed Angel of a Mother say if she could see me & My darling Baby — Your ever devoted

MARIA CAPEL.'

And three days later:

'After the contents of my last melancholy letter, My very dearest Grand Mama, I can well guess the anxiety you will suffer till you hear how My beloved Mama is. Thank God I am able to tell you that she is as well *as possible* — such an Angel I *never, never* beheld. Oh! Grand Mama, if you could see her fortitude at this Moment you must if possible love her more than ever. After I wrote to you last & till this Moment she has watched day and night by our Dear precious Baby's side — And last night she was layed in her Coffin, previous to being buried this Mornng. Harriet & I laid her in it — & we then left My angel Mother alone with her for 10 minutes. I just saw her beautiful self kneeling by its side & I never shall forget it — This Morning at 8 oclk. *we* all 4 attended &c. &c. &c. her Funeral, to the Protestant Burying Ground outside the Town — Georgy and I were

Pall Bearers. Harriet & Louisa walk'd before and Thorpe & Mama's Maid carried it — Never was so young a Creature so regretted — it has been a great consolation to us all, and particularly to Mama, that our Baby, since she was born, has never been touched but by those who loved her. — During her illness she was always in her Mother's arms — Died upon her Mother's breast, was laid out by her Sisters — watched day and night by her Mother & Sisters, by them laid in her Coffin & by them conveyed to her Grave — Oh! Grand Mama she was so lovely — & so dear — not once during her illness, in spite of all the horrid medicines they put into her Mouth, did she cry *once*, she was always soft and Gentle, it was such a relief to rest one's eye upon her little Angel face — As to our poor little Adolphus, it is too moving to see him — he raves of "*His Baba*" — as he calls her — And today he laid hold of my gown & pulled me into ye Room where she had been laid — & on not finding her there, — cried, & said "*All Gone Baba Gone*" And when he used to see her after her death, he was always begging to give her his "*Tart*" — All these things he says to Mama & it is really too cruel — It is, I think, *very* foolish to relate these little things, but I fancy they will interest you, for they relate to "*your darling Caroline*" — and they will give you a little insight into the state of this House. — Papa *looks* very ill again — tho I do not think he is *worse*, yet *not better*, I fear.'

On October 7th, Capel 'had another dangerous attack'. Caroline wrote that she 'was painfully diverted' from her grief at the death of the little baby by this 'sudden and alarming' relapse. 'Bleeding, with a blister on his head & chest, restored him by degrees, but his Physician said it was of such consequence to change the scene for some little time, that if he objected to moving we must even effect it by stratagem, that we are setting out to-morrow for this purpose — What would have become of me in all this but for that dearest of creatures Bladen — no words can express what I owe him — I could not let Capel go, as we once intended, with two of the Girls, after such an illness, & I could not have gone with him & left any of them here unprotected, so this dear soul, at the risk of every inconvenience to himself, has insisted on remaining here till our return, to take care of them. . . . I go with a heavy heart, but I have got the Picture of My Baby to gaze upon & so remind me of the foolish pride I took in her Beauty & the blind security I felt in her flourishing health & strength — Oh Mama, how dare we boast of any thing!'

On the following day, a sad little party set out for a tour up the Rhine — Mama, Papa, Georgy, Louisa and Jane. Harriet was about to leave for the Hague with the James's,¹ and Bladen was left in Brussels to look after Horatia, Meeny, Mary and Dolly, with the help of Muzzy, who wrote: 'My darling Mama begged me to go with her on her Tour, but . . . as dear Bladen so generously offered to remain here . . . [I felt that] it would not be fair to

leave him without one of the Elder ones. — & I felt I might be useful to him in the arrangement of the Accounts &c.'

She wrote again on October 13th to say that she had 'heard from Mama today for the first time since her departure. Her letter was dated Aix la Chappelle, & they had proceeded so far without any adventures — excepting beds full of *Fleas* & *Bugs* — & you can imagine how Mama likes these. Georgy, . . . in a Postscript, says that Mama's health & spirits are very good — Papa's likewise — Dearest Bladen is all kindness & quite like a Father to us all. . . . It would be rather dismal for him here were it not for the Greville's who are just returned from Paris.

'I will write the moment I hear again from My dear Mama — but now as I *never stir* out of the Drawing Room, where I keep the accounts, pay the Bills, Scold the Servants & hear the Children their Lessons — I can have nothing to say with the troubling of making yr dear eyes ache in reading — Horatia desires her kind love, &, My darling Gd. Mama, believe Me to remain yr. gratefully affate Child — MUZZY.'

On the 13th, the expedition reached Cologne, and on the next day Bonn. From there they proceeded up the Rhine to Coblenz, Mainz and on to Frankfurt. Whenever Muzzy had news from her mother, she dutifully passed it on to her grandmother.

'Papa, from Change of Scene & Air, with the necessity he is under of exerting himself, was wonderfully well,' she wrote on the 19th, 'Jane had had no headaches & was like Dordy, Mama tells me, in peals of laughter, at every thing which Mama called her disasters, such as the difficulty of

getting *a great* [sic] *of Water*, & being obliged to use *Tart Dishes*, (the fashion in this part of the World) and only two in number for the whole party — & besides this, they cannot make themselves understood except by signs, as the people speak nothing but German. . . .

‘Do not be unhappy about Mama, you know she has children who would die a thousand deaths for her sake and who will make it the business of their lives to soften her afflictions — & by millions of little attentions endeavour to soften all she feels. And in poor dear Papa, we have an able, & God only knows how anxious an Assistant. — For my own self I find my natural disposition, which some months ago annoyed Papa & Mama, to be *now* both a Blessing [to] Myself and them. — I am so completely indifferent to where I go, or to (personally) what becomes of me, — therefore I regret nothing, & can be a Comfort to them. — I love dear Bruxelles, — & never shall love any place so much while I live.’

And four days later: ‘All I wish is a Cottage amongst the Mountains, accompanied by *Thorpe*. A Little useful Dutch Girl we have got, and a French Bonne who teaches the children French & will be thoroughly useful & obliging. As for the rest of the Education &c, surely we can manage it ourselves, & it wd. be something to do. — And there is not *one* of yr Grand children who will cast a single regret upon a Ball or an Assembly. We shall deserve no credit for this, as the feeling is *real*, & not *affected* for Papa’s & Mama’s sakes. . . .

‘I expect P. & M. to return in about 3 weeks — they will perhaps go to Spa, — & as the Prince is there, I hope they will. Bye the Bye, talking of the Prince, do not you

think it would be an excellent plan for me to get some situation about our Grand Duchess? You will quiz me for my old fancy for being about a *Court*. — The English Court is triste enough, but the Belgian much much worse — & it would be a famous way of being independent. . . .

‘The Grevilles, Seymours, Somersets & Ardens are all here, & there is not an Evening in which they do not ask me to go to them, but I never stir out, & I am sure you can understand.

‘October 26th. This day I have heard from Miss Louisa & Dear Mama from Franckfort; they were all in the best health and spirits, and Miss Louisa gives me *Such* a description of the Country. The most beautiful Mountains & Rocks covered with Grapes, & Beech & Oak Woods. Little White Stone Cottages, covered with Jassamine & Oranges, and the most magnificent Ruins of [Castles] and Monasteries, which they went often to see by Moonlight. They return home, in abt. a fortnight, thro Les Quatres Bras.’

vi

‘We returned here the night before last’, wrote Caroline on November 9th. ‘I had the comfort of finding all the dear Children in perfect health, but you can understand the sensations with which I revisited the different spots endeared to me by the melancholy recollection of that little Angel! . . . From the Window of the Rampart Room I can see at a distance the Wall of the place where

she lies, & extraordinary as it may appear I feel a sort of Comfort in knowing I can see it when I please, & a dread of deserting it, that there may be folly in, but that I cannot conquer.

‘... We returned from Our Tour thro’ those ever Memorable Spots, The Quatre Bras, Genappe & Waterloo, & tho’ it was quite dusk I could not bear to go by the House where poor Paget suffered so much, without going in; Georgy entered first, & said “Voici la sœur du Général Comte de Uxbridge qui vient vous voir”. — The Woman jumped up exclaiming — “Sa Sœur! Grand Dieu, quelle joie!” She then seized upon me in the most violent manner & made fifty enquiries in a breath — & shewed me his boot & his chair stained with blood, & took me into her Garden to see where the Leg was entered & the inscription they had made upon it — She gave me a Copy,¹ & when I said I should send it to you, she was quite enchanted.

‘Imagination cannot paint the beauty of the scenery we passed thro’ going up the Rhine & we were lucky enough to be there in the middle of the vintage — How I wished for you while we were loaded with the most delicious grapes I ever tasted: but that would not have compensated for the horror the Mountains & precipices we passed over would have occasioned — or for the fatigue which the most dreadful roads I had any Idea of, would have caused you. This was on our road home when we passed thro’ the wild & almost trackless Forest of the Ardennes at the rate of about fifteen Miles a day, which we performed in *eight hours* & then arrived at such Dog holes, that we were sometimes afraid of Undressing &

only lay down spreading our own Cloaks & Coats on the beds — Jane is become quite a heroine & the best little Traveller I ever saw — Francfort was the extent of our excursion — I did not find the Efficacy in change of scene that is usually ascribed to it — but Capel certainly is much the better for it.’

Georgy was delighted to be back. ‘German travelling’ she described as ‘horrible, the Welsh Inns are *Palaces* in comparison with many on the Banks of the Rhine.

‘... The Duke of Wellington is expected here soon but merely *en bourgeois* as he is coming for the purpose of seeing his Waterloo Estate.— You have, I conclude, heard of Lady Sarah Lennox’s marriage with General Maitland which was effected not in the most reputable manner. The return of the Duchess of Richmond is now postponed in consequence of the approaching nuptials of Lady Mary [Lennox] & Sir Henry Bradford, an almost pennyless Colonel in the Guards. The Duchess’s high flown hopes are dashed to the Ground, & will not I fear improve her *gentle* temper — Paris is every thing the most delightful, *People say*, but we must learn forbearance & patience for, tho’ We do not sigh for dissipation, we should have no objection to go to Paris for a little while tho’ I wish it had been burnt by the Allies. Am I not very cruel? The Prussians would have plundered so much that they wd. leave nothing for the British. I never heard any thing to equal the abhorrence in which the Prussians are held every where, at Genappe we saw & talked to a young Woman whose Mother, a very old Woman, was struck by a Bayonet, killed on the Spot, by a Prussian Soldier because she had no Wine in her House, & they killed *Infants*

as they would *Ducks* — but they are a very fine Race and have some beautiful Bands of Musick which we heard at Coblentz & Mayance [Mainz], as we attended the Parades more for the sake of the March than for the pleasure of seeing any Military evolutions.

‘... Has any body read Walter Scott’s “Waterloo”² to you? I hope, if you have heard it, that you are as much enraged about it as I am, he had better call it “The Towers of Hougoumont” for it is full of *nothing* else — not one word of La Haye Sainte or the Cavalry does he condescend to mention, nor does he grace his *sublime* Pages with a name which must reflect honor upon them and prove a Passport to the Hearts of all his Readers [i.e. Lord Uxbridge] — So now dear Grand Mama Pray *read, mark learn & inwardly* digest and Give me yr. opinion. The fact is Scott came to Brussels with the intention of *writing* a Poem, *par consequence* it is very flat & not altogether correct, for certainly he must have been dreaming when he bestowed *Towers* upon the Farm of Hougoumont; but I have reached the end of my *paper* before my *subject* so Goodbye, dearest best Grand Mama.’

Towards the end of November, 40,000 Prussians passed through Brussels on their way home. Muzzy reported that the town was ‘full of Prussian Cavalry; it is quite ridiculous to see the *consternation* their arrival has created, they are such lawless wretches. By a new regulation, the *English* are to have 10 Men & Officers besides *Horses* quartered upon them — but Papa, being a dear friend of the Mayor, has succeeded in *getting* off this. Great as the expence would be, for they *will* live *like Princes*, it is not the worst part of the business. They

always take the best Rooms in every House, and are dirty beyond what I can describe, & insult every Woman they see — So they must be pleasant companions, don't you think so? And they are to be nearly 3 weeks in the Town — Mama will not let us walk out without a *treble guard* to protect us, and then, till we return, she fancies all sorts of horrors. All the things belonging to Holland & Belgium which have been taken from Paris are now here, — and I hear are to be exhibited, before they are sent to their different places — they will be well worth seeing.

'... Oh! Grand Mama, I wish you could see our dear little Prince — he is going to spend 3 weeks here before he goes to Russia. He brought us The Grand Duchess Anne's picture to look at, it is rather pretty & very *nice looking*.' He says, now he is going to lose us all for so many months, that he loves all of us more than ever. — And when he left us for the Hague the other Day, thinking he was going to Paris, he said with all the Tears running down his face — "Oh I do love you all as if you were My Sisters, & when I am at Petersburg & *they* are all making much of me — I shall think so often of all of you — Even of the *Darling* Green Cushions where I have sat so often, & I shall always feel that the happiest Moments of my life have [been] spent with all of you" — I mention all this to *you*, My dearest Gd. Mama — but only to you — because I know [what] people in general would say & think — that it was all vanity on our side — but *you* will, I am sure, believe how much more there is of affection — &, likewise, how very natural it is that we should feel that for a Person who has been like the kindest Brother to all of us, ever since we have known him, — & in

spite of all the endeavours of both English & Belgians to make him dislike us — this he told us himself — and in spite of the *neglect* — really incivility, we have often shown him, — for when he has come every Eveng. at 3 & staid till 6, — we have gone out of the Room & left him *alone* — & tho' he used the little ones to beg us to come back — we have gone *out*, — And as to being flattered he is far from that, for we tell *him* all that is said against him, *even* abuse, without scruple. — All this *nonsense* is only for your dear beautiful eyes — & for the reason I have given you.'

vii

It now came to light, much to Caroline's distress, that Capel had some time ago incurred heavy gambling debts. She poured out her heart to her mother.

'Never apologize to me, My dearest Mama, for anything you say — all that comes from you I must take kindly — But you are in an error on a certain very painfull subject; Can you for one moment believe that I was aware of what was going on without interfering? You will then say "How is it possible you should not be aware?" To which I answer, that, upon my honor, till after we went to Walchies, I had not the *least suspicion*, which is easily to be accounted for, when I tell you that the person who literally *persecuted* him till he became a member of what is called the *Literary Club* here, was Ld. Waterpark, a steady Family Man; It was not considered at that time as a place where there was any gaming, but merely where

the Newspapers were read, & where as Ld. W—— urged, it was such good Fun to hear the Natives talk over the English. — Capel used to go to the play at Eight O'clock, where he had the *Entre Libre*, & *never* to be at home later than Eleven, unless when we were both out together — Now how could I suspect that any thing wrong was going on? No creature ever hinted it to me, & the only time I felt any alarm was during the time of the Races when a great deal of betting was going forward & I spoke to him in a warning voice, which he took very kindly & said I should have no cause for uneasiness; Believe me, My Dearest Mama, my influence has never been wanting where I have been aware of the Evil. The certain proof of which is that concealment would have been unnecessary, if I had been in the habit of letting things take their Course without remonstrance or Opposition — But think what I must suffer to be obliged to justify myself at his expence? particularly when he said only yesterday, on reading your letter, that one of his greatest Miseries was that any shadow of blame should attach to me, when he felt that he alone was deserving of it — Poor fellow — God only knows what have been his sufferings of body & Mind — I shudder when I think of them, particularly the latter which tho' relieved by being now in good health & consequently better able to support them, are still very great — You could at least have no fear for the future If you had witnessed all I have — But enough of this most painfull subject.'

A few days before Christmas, she wrote again:

'I feel my absence from you Oh How bitterly! But alas, I see no prospect of its ceasing at present — I some-

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times think If any thing should take us farther from England that I *must* go over to Dover & *there* pass a week or ten days with *you* & my Boys — I know you would meet me — Much as this place is cheaper than England there are certainly parts of the Continent infinitely cheaper than this — Its vicinity to England & the facility of the Journey have filled it with English of all descriptions who from their appearance do not do much credit to one's Country — The very few English who remain of our acquaintance are all going in different directions in the Spring or Summer — And we have received notice to quit this House or pay the increased rent, at the expiration of the Term in June; all this is by degrees preparing me for a removal, which will be always a pang whenever it happens — Therefore it may as well be at one time as another.'

viii

On New Year's Day, 1816, Caroline took a sudden decision. 'Bladen's intended Marriage with Miss Smyth, an excellent amiable Girl who will have a very good fortune, takes him to England for a fortnight or three weeks — The opportunity is not to be missed of seeing your precious Self & my two dear Boys, before I go farther off — I therefore set out with him the day after tomorrow. I know I shall derange all your plans — I know I shall bring you up a long journey — I know I shall interfere with Mary's¹ comfort, but I see no alternative — This hasty step or perhaps not seeing you all for a *length* of

time — Forgive me, my dearest precious Mama, & remember it is my love for you & them that urges me on, for My heart beats & my hand shakes at leaving all my dears here without a Governess to take care of them — And I dread leaving poor Capel, who tho' he is quite well I always feel nervous about after what I have seen — One of the Girls will go with me. I think Sophia will give us a Bed at Surbiton till I hear from you; I will meet you on the road half way if you like; It will save your dear self some fatigue, or tell me what you like best, only let me see you.'

One can imagine the moving scenes of reunion, the heart-to-heart exchanges and the tears of joy and sorrow which marked the meeting of aged mother and long-suffering daughter. It was to be their last meeting, for Caroline did not return to England before Lady Uxbridge died, just over a year later.

Muzzy went with her and, on their way back (they had been home six weeks), reported from the familiar Ship Inn at Dover, at '9 o'clk' in the evening of February 16th: 'we arrived here half an hour ago after a *very* prosperous Journey having met with no adventures — There is *very* little Wind & that favourable. . . . We have settled to sail tomorrow Morning at 10 o'clk — The Captn. says that *if* the Wind continues as it now is, our Passage will not exceed 3 hours'.

At 4 next afternoon they arrived at Calais from Dover. 'We found no one waiting for us,' wrote Caroline, 'But I will *not start* tomorrow till after the arrival of the Diligence, in hopes that some one may arrive in it. . . .

'You need have no anxiety about us Dearest Mama — For even if no one arrives to meet us, we shall, I don't

doubt, get on with great success — The Passage of Troops is quite at an end. The country perfectly quiet & the gates of the Towns are not shut so early as when we last past thro’.

Three nights later they arrived in Brussels ‘with *literally* speaking an Inch of Snow on the Boxes & various packages in the Carriage, which your comfortable Blanket prevented from reaching us — I really think it preserved our lives together with My incomparable hood — I met Albert 5 Miles on this side Calais with a letter from Capel to say he should have come himself but for a Cold & when I arrived I found that My poor little Georgy had been so seriously ill with a Cough & much inflammation that she had been blooded, & Blistered on the Back & Chest; she was then however better, and, thank God, continues to mend almost hourly; This was the history of Capel not coming himself to meet Us, but the Servant had strict orders to say nothing on the subject’.

ix

Caroline had now, for the first time since she first left England, succumbed to illness — (‘My Doctor says it was an Inflammation of the External Coats of the Liver & I am obliged to believe him as he has cured me tho’ rather roughly’) — but was soon well enough to regale her mother with all the news from Brussels. ‘The Duchess of Richmond is wearing herself to death to find out something to do — The Duke is just come back [from Paris] & is equally at a Loss. . . . The Honble Mrs Mullins has been

Acting Juliet & she dances Quadrilles with wreaths of Flowers fastened round her wrist down to the bottom of her Petticoat — so that every time she moves her Arms, her Petticoats jump up. . . . The Duke of Kent¹ is also come to improve our Society.' And three days later, on March 14th, 'I have hardly time to do up my little parcel & write you two lines — The Duke of Kent has very civilly offered to take any thing for me & I avail myself of the opportunity to send your Edging & a bit of Lace which I got with the remainder of the Money, I hope it is enough to go round the neck of a Gown or a Handkerchief. For your 5 Guineas — I got 130 Franks as the exchange was very good at that moment — The Edging was 5 Franks the Flemish yard, of which there are 14 — making 12 English Yards — 6 in each piece — You will scarcely believe that I could not get 12 in the same piece of a pattern or width that would do — but I hope it will not make much difference to you — The Edgings, tho' different widths, were the same price, one being finer than the other; The Edging then, at 5 Francs for 14 Yds, came to 70 Francs, and the Mechlin² at 20 F for 3 Brabant Yards — came to 60 Francs — making in all 130 F. . . .'

'March 24th. I suppose the Princess Charlotte's³ Marriage will enliven London a little, which we hear is at present very dull — The removal of the Income Tax⁴ which diffuses such general joy, *We* shall with a few others I am afraid be sufferers by, unless Taxes are added to the same Amount — The Opposition, they say, are Mad with joy — & flatter themselves with a Change of Ministry; Mr. Creevey⁵ is gone off post haste to England hoping to have a finger in the Pye. Bladen's day is at length fixed

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for leaving England & I hope by the end of the week he may be here; The *finest sight* to be seen is Harriet Smyth's *Trousseau* — There is a Lace Gown the finest I ever saw, A Veil 4 yards $\frac{1}{2}$ long & two $\frac{1}{2}$ wide with a Pelerine^s reaching down to the feet — All the other things in proportion, in short the whole will cost 1500£, equall to 2000 in England — I never saw anything so totally indifferent as she is to the whole, or so completely devoid of vanity — The exchange is now above Par and they say will next week be at 30 — Think of the wonderfull difference in a few Months — just at the time of Waterloo & afterwards you could not get 15 — My Uncle's Handkerchiefs are all made & only wait for a Conveyance — Ld. G. Seymour would not take them — *Our King* is come, which makes no difference except a few Levees & a few Dull dinners one of which Capel is just come from; The Parcel Ly. Anglesey gave me for Paget's Woman has been safely delivered by the Duke of Richmond, who did the Honors of Waterloo to the Duke of Kent, & left it in his way.'

X

The question as to where to live was now much exercising the Capels. The lease of their house in the rue Ducale would be up in June, and they could not afford the increased rent which was being asked after that date, while the Château, which had been lent to them only until the end of August, was now known to be in an 'unhealthy' situation.

On her return from England, Caroline had written: '*Italy is entirely given up* which I know you will be glad to hear.'

'Nothing is as yet *settled*,' wrote Muzzy on March 8th, 'tho I think we certainly shall go, & most probably to Neufchâtel which from all we hear seems in *all respects* to be very well suited.'

A month later Caroline writes that their 'plans are yet undecided; we are waiting for letters from Switzerland & are also making enquiries about a House here if such a thing is to be had — Between the two I expect to be on the Pavé by the first week in June'.

They had still not heard from Switzerland a fortnight later.

Meanwhile, yet another visit was paid to Waterloo. 'As it was the fifth time,' wrote Georgy, 'without any vanity I may say that I believe I was competent to *shewing it off* to its best advantage, but Edward Capel [Capel's brother] is not quite the Person upon whom to expatiate upon the Lord Anglesey, & you will hardly believe it when I tell you that he did not chuse to consider one of the Positions, the particular scene of Lord Anglesey's heroism, worth going to see. I own I was in a great passion, but neither Mama nor I condescended to make any animadversions, but your dear little amiable peace-making temper will condemn my angry feelings, so I will say no more upon the subject.

'... The Duke of Wellington & part of his *État Major* are expected tomorrow in his way from The Hague to Cambray, he will only remain a day or two but The Duke of Richmond has a Party to meet him, to which We all

go — We have just heard that Buonaparte had escaped from St. Helena to Amerique, we must expect reports of all sorts of him as long as the Earth is burthen'd with him; the only regret I feel is that he had not fallen into Old Blucher's Hands & then we should have done with him pour toujours.'

Caroline's efforts to find a suitable and sufficiently cheap house in or near Brussels completely failed, and as, at long last, a reply had been received from Switzerland, she wrote on May 20th: 'We have snapt at a House on the Banks of the Lake of Geneva near the Town of Vevey, with a large Garden full of Fruit Trees, a certain proportion of Table Linen &c & completely Furnished, for 63 Guineas a Year — We got this account of it from the Gentleman in whose House Capel Lodged for three years, seven & twenty years ago, from an old Friend in fact who may be depended on; the living he represents as proportionably cheap. But still we are not gone, & if we can yet find a House here *I* should be strongly for doing it, As from the present rage for going to Switzerland among the English I know We could easily dispose of *our House* there, even to advantage if we chose it — My Dear Boys I have been buoying myself up with the Hope of seeing this summer & I cannot give this up without a severe pang — Perhaps indeed there might have been an opposition to Arthur's coming — God knows. As to Algernon, If we *do* go, I sometimes think of an English Clergyman at Geneva who takes Boys to educate & how much I should like to have him there; but this is only a passing Idea, nor would I do such a thing for my own gratification if you thought it unwise.

'How I hate to go farther from you, You Dearest of Souls! But I think it the most probable plan. . . . At all events we must quit this House by the 17th of June.'

And a fortnight later: 'I cannot describe to you what I feel at leaving this place, If we could have got a House in any respect to suit us I don't think we should have been induced to move, at least *me* — I feel domesticated here — I am sure nobody can live at Bruxelles so long as we have done without loving it — It is certainly a gossiping place, but the Grevilles are gone, & the Duchess of Richmond, the grand Pest of Society, has been flying about with two of her daughters to Cambray & elsewhere for weeks past & left the Town in peace & Quiet. . . .

'[Brussels] has so very many advantages & the *locale* is so delightfull, that I shall be very much surprised If any other that we may go to at all compensates for what we leave here — How "Blessings brighten as they take their leave!"

'June 13th. . . . I hear old England is to be quite deserted this summer — The Rage for travelling seems to increase, And is the wonder & astonishment of the natives of other Countries — If I could have you & my dear Boys, I should be perfectly happy abroad, But People who have delightfull Places of their own & the power of having any society they please at them, I do wonder sometimes that *they* should be so fond of roving.

'Is it true that Car Paget is to marry Lord March? & Lady Monson, Ld Warwick, & the Pss. Sophia of Gloucester, the Duke of Cambridge — After Pss. Mary & the Duke [of Gloucester],* Nothing surprises me — But I think her quite right — I believe he is a very good sort

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of Man in spite of his little absurdities & she will be in a much more comfortable situation — The Court of England has assumed quite a new aspect.'

'18th. Anniversary of Waterloo — the whole Town is in Commotion. I am just going to take the children to the Allee Verte where the King gives a Dinner to the Belgie Troops — When I think of the horrors of this time last year, any thing like rejoicing seems unnatural. . . .

'Direct in future, my blessed Mama, Poste restante à Vevey — Pays de Vaud — en Suisse — When I get there I shall be able to tell you more about the Post. . . .

'Saturday 22d is the day we set out — My heart beats as the moment approaches!'

Three days later, Caroline penned her last letter from Brussels.

'... I like to profit by the last Post day . . . to say good-bye to your dear precious self. . . . As *we are* going, I am impatient to be off; For the state of Confusion & uncomfortableness previous to a long journey & a complete removal or sale of all that belongs to Us, is far beyond description.'

CHAPTER FOUR

JUNE 1816-MARCH 1817

i

WITH heavy hearts the Capel family set out on their long journey. The journey that would take Caroline so much further from her 'Dearest Angelic Mother' and from the sons she longed to have with her.

They slept on their way at Mons and Maubeuge, and from Rheims, on June 28th, Lady Uxbridge was informed of their progress.

'The Torrents of rain that have fallen every day,' wrote Caroline, 'have hitherto made it most uncomfortable, but this cannot last, I should hope, & to Morrow I flatter myself I shall be cheered with sunshine & good roads; The road we came to day I think you would have died of, But here we are safe & sound in spite of it — I never saw such good children, always in good humor tho' they have really had enough to excuse them for being cross — You will be shocked if I tell you Dolly's exclamation the other night — They kept us so long on entering the Frontiers to rout & tumble about all the Trunks &c. that we could not reach the place we meant to sleep at & were obliged to stop at a vile beastly Inn that had hardly room for us; on entering this place poor little Dolly surveyed it leisurely & called out "Damn dirty shop, not Home!" — It was impossible to resist laughing & it had a Most happy effect on the whole party — Adieu, Dearest Mama for I

have promised to go with them all to see the Cathedral, Public walks & also the Lions, I wish I had my two dear Boys with me, How much they would be amused.'

Twelve days later, having passed through Châlons, Langres, Besançon, Pontalier and Lausanne, they completed their journey 'without any material *damage* to any of the party or the Carriage; which is still more wonderful, for the state of the roads all thro' France is quite dreadful & the Incessant rain, or rather Water Spouts, that fell during our whole journey till we entered this Country was really melancholy; Not a day passed that three of the party were not drenched to the skin, so that we are well off to have escaped without some real illness — I would advise every one to think twice, nay three times, before they bring a large Family such a distance, for the dirt, the Inconveniences, the bad, sour bread, & in the small places, the difficulty of getting enough to eat, is really inconceivable — I must at the same time tell the good with the bad, Fresh Eggs in quantities you may always have, & good butter; The Beds, when you have pulled them from the vile walls they are shoved against, are in general good & the sheets always clean, but so wet, that it is the work of above two hours when you come in tired to death, to air them thoroughly — We reached Vevey in 15 *days*, having agreed with a voiturier to bring us the whole way with a pair of Horses to our own Carriage, & then to one that he furnished for 1300 Francs, or about 52£ — If you travel thro' France with post Horses they may oblige you to take as many Horses as there are people, in & about the Carriage, which is so expensive that Numbers of People have recourse to the voituriers, But I shall stay here till I



THE CHÂTEAU BELAIR, VEVEY

can come back without them, for They are odious, impertinent wretches that only think of themselves & Horses — Capel rode the old Mare, tell my good Uncle, the whole way, He was the Avant Courier, literally speaking, for we always found Dinner ready & rooms prepared when we got in, I cannot think how he has escaped rheumatism, being constantly wet thro' for so many days together & never changing his things till the day was over — I thought of you, you dear soul, the other day when we found ourselves in the middle of the Jura Mountains with Night coming on; hearing that we could not reach the place we were to sleep at before Eleven, & such tremendous hills to go up & down, that they were obliged to get Cart Horses to assist, & that nothing but the Horses of the Country could surmount; I tried in vain to get a little Milk for the Children, neither love nor money could procure it tho' we were surrounded by cows, for it was all turned into Gruyère Cheese; not a Cry or murmur have I once heard, poor little Dolly put his head out of the window when no milk was to be had & halloed "Allez Vite, Bon Cocher, allez vite, Nam go supper" — Nam is what he calls himself — I have read of this Country & seen Drawings & heard descriptions, but every thing falls short of the impression the first view of the Alps & this Beautifull Lake excites in one's mind; we go to morrow to Belair, it is half a mile from the Town [Vevey] in the Most lovely situation I ever saw, with a Garden full of fruit & Flowers but too small for our size, It is very well furnished & we must make the best of it for the Year we have taken it — It has been extremely sought after by different People who have been looking for Houses about

here & would be perfect with another room or two — I should think England was the only part of the world now where there was a lack of English, Lausanne is full of them, there are several here, in short it is quite amazing!

‘... You are quite right in your guess of who liked & who disliked leaving Bruxelles — But I will say they are dear Girls & all trying which shall make every thing appear in the best light & most agreeable to us — My Uncle would not think that dissipation had hurt their Minds, If he could hear their delight at the scene that surrounds them, & their preference of it to any tumultuous pleasure that could be offered them.

‘... I must tell you that your Toasting Fork has been an inestimable treasure & made many a bit of sour, coarse bread go down, that would otherwise have stuck in the Throat.’

From the ‘Château Belair, Vevey,’ a few days later, Georgy describes their new life:

‘We scramble about the Hills the whole Morning and run over the Vineyards by which our House is surrounded, but they are prettier in description than in reality, we have had two delightful Parties on the Lake to see the Environs, which are quite beautiful, and we bathe every day. We have made acquaintance with Lady Mary Ross,¹ and for the sake of her Sister, as much or more than for her own, we all like her. We have had the annual fair today, which is very pretty, as The Paysannes & Paysans appear in the costumes of the different Cantons, & the market place at Vevey is the best part of the Town — one of our favorite walks is the Château de La Tour built upon the Lake, the Terrace of which is washed by it, and in the

Winter & during the sudden & violent Hurricanes, which make the Lake so dangerous, all the lower Rooms are inundated; the House is inhabited by an English Family and it was there that the beautiful Lady Margaret Beckford died; I have seen the Room which she occupied when she died, & one more triste I never beheld, a single window form'd by a Porthole is all the light afforded & from it there is a fine view of the Lake & Mountains, the apartment is in an old Tower nearly detached from the rest of the Château; she was so much admired & loved while she was at Vevey that many families went into Mourning for her, I have given you this account, my dearest GrandMama, thinking it might be interesting to you as I remember hearing you very often mention Lady Margaret Beckford — there is I believe very little society here, the only two Families of any consequence being absent from their Campagnes, The Comte & Comtesse d'Hauteville and Madame Blonay, which we do not at all regret, but when Mama wishes it she has it in her power to make the acquaintance as it is the strange custom for the *new Comers* to pay the *first* visit, which I should think a great bore upon the Natives as they must be liable to the acquaintance of any of the very numerous herd of English who daily parcourir this part of the Globe.

'We have a little Tour in contemplation at a short distance from thence which we cannot put into execution untill the middle of next month, as it is amongst the Mountains, and we shall be snowed up. The undertaking will be too great for Mama, & the Party is to be only Papa, Louisa & I, when we are to go in a little Vehicle calling itself a *Charavant* unlike anything except an Irish Jaunt-

ing Car, as one sits in the same posture and that it holds only three and is not very *highly finished*, is drawn by one Horse and is the only mode of conveyance here — Our Pianoforte & Books are not yet arrived, as they were to go by the Rhine; we await them with much impatience, the former particularly, tho' the Drawingroom is so small that we shall be rather at a loss to know where to put it, and indeed could not do it if we did not lock one of the Doors — Mama appears *much more* than reconciled to the change, and owns that the excessive beauty of the situation counterbalances the inconvenience of a *small* House for a *large* Family — She is quite well and when I tell you that this Morning Lady Baird talked to her for half an hour mistaking her for *a Miss Capel*, you will believe that she is looking so, her dear little face and figure are so young & so fresh that she is very often taken for her own Daughter, tho' she is certainly ten thousand times handsomer than any of them — in this I am sure you will agree — I saw a Print today at Vevey, of the Battle of Waterloo, in which *Le Comte d'Uxbridge* was represented in the conspicuous situation of leading a Charge at the Head of *Les Gardes Angloises* and his Bust is painted upon little snuff Boxes in all the poking shops in this small Town, I long to write upon one "J'ai l'honneur d'être la Nièce du Comte d'Uxbridge."

Caroline wrote on the same day: 'We have gained nothing in point of cheapness, for every thing except Meat is dearer than at Bruxelles . . . It is being rather out of Luck, for the Oldest Man in the Country does not remember the price of Bread so high as it is at this time — The dreadfull & tremendous rains which have now continued

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so long are the cause of this, the Vineyards are totally spoilt as well as the Corn, & the greatest scarcity is apprehended. The same accounts are received from Italy & your letter mentions the bad Weather in England — Heaven defend Us from a Famine! sometimes I have the most gloomy forebodings — I mean on general concerns — The fear of the end of the world has also pervaded this Country — A poor woman in the Neighborhood actually died of Fright at the anticipation of something dreadful that was to take place last Thursday. It *happened* to be one of the few fine days we have had!

‘I don’t see how we can pass the winter in this House, and if we can get rid of it, I don’t think we shall — The Storms I hear are quite tremendous in the winter & the cold excessive. The walk to the Town is a narrow road between walls which enclose the vineyards, They Lodge the snow & are sometimes impassable — The only means of warming the Drawing room, which has three windows & three Doors, is by a flue which communicates with the Fireplace in the next room, which room is so small that when we are all seated at dinner, 11 in Number, for we dine early, & the children with us, there is not room for the Servant to go round the Table; the Drawing room when the Pianoforte arrives, & the Harp that must be hired, will be like a well-packed Band box, & the room we sleep in, is so small that when the Maid opens the Door in the Morning she bangs it against the head of the Bed — All this arises from a Mistake of Monsr. Traytorens who, because Capel mentioned that 4 of our Children were quite young, read that the Family consisted of 4! & conceived accordingly that the House would just suit —

Another Malheur is that his Daughter, who he says is better informed than most Women, has offered herself as a Governess without any Emolument, & that If upon seeing her I should find it ever so desirable to have her — no possible invention could find room for her in this House.

‘... I find Lady Mary Ross a most good-natured fat, laughing, bustling Creature, she has always some scheme in agitation which she is determined her friends & Neighbors should enter into — Will you believe, she has been here five times in this week but always on some good-natured errand. . . .

‘Adieu, My dearest best of Mothers — How I wished for you yesterday Evening, The road from here to Ville-neuve, a Town at the opposite extremity of the Lake from Geneva, is like a bowling green, close along the edge of the lake the whole way & such a varied scene of beauty & Grandeur as cannot be described. I could not help exclaiming “Oh that I had got my dear little Mama by my side” as we spun away in a Char-à-Banc, a Carriage of the Country drawn by one Horse, that even *you* would not be frightened in.’

Ever since they had arrived the rain had ‘been violent & incessant with the exception of 4 or 5 days’. And, on August 4th, Caroline related that ‘there came on a Hurricane of Thunder, Lightning & Wind the other night that beat any thing I ever heard — The scene of desolation at Vevey was dreadful, The Lower part of the Town was entirely inundated the Lake having risen with uncommon fury to an unusual height — Many Houses washed down & Trees torn up by the roots, the poor people running

about in confusion wringing their hands & crying — Our House, being some way up the Mountain, we escaped *inundation* but felt the wind most frightfully — It tore up a large tree in the Garden & threatened to bring the House about our Ears’.

Their programme of excursions continued. ‘The other day,’ wrote Muzzy, ‘we went by Water to see the Château de Chillon, a beautiful old building standing in the Lake, it was formerly a Fortress of great strength. The Dungeons many many feet under the Ground are hewn out of a Rock; — in one of them in total Darkness and in the most dreadful cold and damp, an Unfortunate Wretch was chained to a stone Pillar for 28 Years in entire solitude, the Chain and Iron Ring to which he was fastened are remaining, and from constantly walking up and down the short space allowed him from the length of his Fetters, there is a path worn in the Rocky Floor. I liked this castle more than any thing I have yet seen. I have taken a sketch of it, & if ever I have an opportunity, I shall send it to my dearest Grand Mama. . . .

‘Next week we are going to make a large party with Lady Mary Ross to go up the Mountains, I will write you an account of all our adventures which ought to be numberless, we are to go on *Mules* up places almost perpendicular to arrive at a Valley where Lillies, Anenemonis, Narcisses, &c., and orange Trees grow *wild*, & where the inhabitants (very few in number) live upon Thick Cream and Brown Bread. If this account is at all correct the place must indeed be a Paradise. — How you would like our dear little *Nam* [Adolphus], he is the object of adoration to us all & wonderful to say is not *spoilt*. I think of all

the odious Commodities inhabiting the Earth there is nothing so bad as *a spoilt Child*. He is so very *witty*, and so fond of Mama that it is quite ridiculous — he calls her “Pitte Whate Hand Angey Muttekin” (“Pretty White hand Angel Muttekin”) he is so careful of her, &, when she is out walking, he runs on first to take the *Big Stones* away that she may not fall. He is a great darling — and so gentle, & affectionate.’

At the beginning of September, Caroline was ‘trying to get a House in or near Lausanne for the Winter as this [one] would not be supportable above two months longer — Even now we have suffered much from the Cold and the dreadful storms of Wind & Thunder — I shall provoke you by telling you of the cheating of the so highly boasted Swiss, famed for their Probity & Morality; *that* is now all gone by, thanks to their intercourse with the French, whom, by the bye, they regret very deeply, particularly in the Pays de Vaud, & consequently view the English with no very favorable Eye — I have made weekly complaints of the bills ever since the 1st week I came here, which, tho’ 2 less in family, have been higher than at Bruxelles — at last I spoke to my maid & told her to distribute the bread & every thing herself for a week, & to be on the watch, as I was convinced that things went away unfairly. In consequence of which it was discovered that an old Washerwoman, Mother to the Cook, carried off daily, Baskets full of Meat not even dressed, Bread, butter & every thing in short that they could collect — Adele is the most zealous honest creature I ever met with & active beyond any one I ever saw, so I have made her *superintendant of the Household* & I expect to find a con-

siderable difference; indeed I already begin to feel it — Lady Mary Ross has had all sorts of disagreements of the same kind & has about as good an opinion of the Swiss as I have.

‘. . . By the Bye, My dearest Mama, since I have been here I have heard that it was said in England that we had left Bruxelles *without paying anything*; This did not surprise me, as I know we are marked objects for disagreeable reports, But if such a thing should reach your Ears, you will I know have great pleasure in being able to contradict it, which I authorize you to do in the fullest manner, For, thank God, we do not owe a sixpence in the place.’

Meanwhile Capel had taken Georgy, Muzzy and Louisa on ‘a very agreeable Tour’ which Georgy describes ‘in the hope of it amusing you’.

‘We spent one day at Geneva . . . It is wonderful to see the Crowds of English with which Geneva swarms but very few whom I ever saw before. . . . We proceeded to the Valley de Chamonix thro’ a Country the Scenery of which far succeeds anything I ever beheld. Much beyond other parts of Switzerland, Germany or France, which we have admired & thought could not be finer. At Chamonix we remained 2 days and spent one in ascending The Mont Anvert, and then walked upon the Mer de Glace, which is as wonderful as it was dangerous, being (as the name proves) a Sea of Ice covered with snow which conceals Chasms of immense depth and which has been the Grave of many [an] adventurous Traveller. The Mountain is also covered with snow, but at the same time the surface is literally red from the finest Rhododendrons in full bloom — from thence we proceeded to a part of the

Valley called the *Tête noire*; we rode upon Mules, and I do not exaggerate when I tell you that the Road is worse than a very steep Staircase: on one side is a Precipice which looked measureless, with a River rushing at the bottom, on the other an overhanging Rock. The Road is so narrow that had our Mules missed a Step we should have been dashed to pieces; We gave ourselves up to fate and let the Reins go. Our Guides, who were accustomed to the Road, said that if we had courage to remain riding upon such a Road that we might go thro' any part of Switzerland. We crossed Bridges formed of three fir Trees, placed across a Chasm so slightly that they shook as we past them, and Papa who was in front, said it made him sick to see us on them — Here we made acquaintance with a Mr. & Mrs Burrowes, a connection of Sir Erasmus's, & who joined our Party, & I must say they were a great acquisition to it. Our dangers were not over, and I own that I think our pleasure was dearly purchased, for after having descended, we began to ascend Mountains of such perpendicular height that the Mules staggered at the Edge to such a degree that the Guides were obliged to hold us on the Saddles — on the next day we went to the Grand Bernard, the highest Inhabited spot in Europe, where we met with the most cordial reception from the Monks in the Convent, an Establishment I think you must have heard of very often, and which for its benevolence is never likely to be forgotten; the Brotherhood are now fourteen in number, their whole existence is spent in acts of charity, they live in the most comfortable manner and Every luxury is to be found there — The moment we arrived we were greeted by the Superior,

saying that from the instant we Enter'd those Walls, we were to consider ourselves at home. Every hand was put into requisition for our accommodation; we sat down to a very good supper, served in most refined manner, with the Fraternity who sang a Hymn before they began. We were then shown to our Bedrooms by 3 of the Monks who made our Beds, lit the Fires and in short were our Slaves. The next morning, the Superior shewed us the same attention and brought forward Everything he had to amuse us, such as the Library of Roman antiquities, the very pretty chapel, &c., and what was the most interesting, the Great Dogs who are employed in searching for Travellers who are lost in the Eternal snow with which this most barren Mountain is cloathed. Every night in the winter these Dogs are sent out *saddled* and a Bottle of Wine & a Loaf of Bread slung upon it with which the lost Travellers refresh themselves & follow their sagacious Leaders and find an asylum in this abode of benificence. Besides this they have a magazine of Bread, another of Cloathes for the Poor and Travellers flock there so much, that they have sometimes 150 together. The approach to the Convent is very dangerous at all times, but particularly so in the winter as the quantities of snow make it impossible to know whether one walks upon Rock or Hollows; and those tremendous Avalanches which rush down carrying Everything before them very nearly swallowed up this Establishment; to prevent such an occurrence another Building is erected nearly opposite, with oblique walls to stop the force of the Avalanches, the power of which is like an overwhelming Ocean as it tears up Trees, overthrows Houses, and spreads devastation, the marks of

which we have seen wherever we have been in these snowy Regions. They happen the most frequently in the winter when they fall en Masse like Mountains. — I will tell you an anecdote that we heard from one of the Brothers which will prove that their benevolence was the Instrument of protection to them — Montreux, the Captain of a Banditti of great strength, and which had infested different parts of Europe and had hitherto evaded the power of the Law, arrived at the Convent of St Bernard in the character of travellers, and were as such received with open arms; they were treated with Every mark of hospitality, and supped, as we did, with the Monks and were shewn to their Bed-rooms, by them. They were each armed with Pistols and had laid their plans of murdering their Hosts and of plundering the Convent — they awaited the last Vesper Bell & when they concluded that their Victims were asleep, one of the Banditti said to their Captain “Now is *the moment* to strike the blow — *this is our moment*”, when the Captain felt the kindness & hospitable reception they had experienced so much that it aroused a spark of gratitude, and He said that he had not power to put his horrible project into execution — he turned himself round and the Plot remained undiscovered. This we had from one of the Monks who heard it himself, as *they* were suspected and he was stationed at the Door of the Captain’s room to give the alarm. We quitted our kind friends with much regret and again descended from the Clouds to the lower Regions and continued our Journey towards Vevey, which we reached after a week’s absence, having gone thro’ more fatigue than I believe we ever did in all our lives before, but I assure you it was well worth it. In

many parts of the Journey the Roads were impassable except for Mules, and in three days we rode 78 *Miles* on Pack Saddles with a sack thrown over them, but these inconveniences we have almost forgotten to consider as such, and I think I may say that we can *rough* things as well as *most people*. I have not yet told you of who our Party consisted, besides Papa, Muzzy, Louisa & myself we had Mr & Mrs Burrowes, The Duc de Bohanganti[?], the Marquis de Langalierie[?] and the Count Tofoliti[?], three Italians with whom we became acquainted en route and who joined us in our adventures.'

A few days later Caroline described some of the dangers of living abroad. 'There have been some frightfull robberies between this & Milan; Lady Francis Beresford, Mr & Mrs Hope & Mr (?)Leicester & his family, were all stopped by bandits armed with doubled-barrel guns, naked swords by their sides & Stiletto's in their mouths — They took every thing from them with the most frightfull menaces in case they concealed anything, & wounded one of the Couriers — But nothing deters people from travelling — The Austrians have now, however, sent a strong guard to Patrol the roads. . . .

'Oh how I wish the travelling Mania would seize upon you! What joy, what happyness it would be, for I know you would direct your steps this way.

'We have not yet got a House, or rather Apartments at Lausanne — but are trying to do so; I could put up with the dreadfull inconvenience of our present abode (tho' the people of the country cannot understand how it is possible we can cram in), If it was not for the Accounts we hear from every one of the winters in these *Campagnes*, which

the Natives all desert at that season for fear of being blown by the vent de Bise to the Top of one of the Mountains — in Earnest tho', a *Russian* Family took this House once for a year, but they found the cold so unbearable that they set off in the middle of the Winter.'

Better weather now arrived and gave them opportunities for many more expeditions. '... We are all become such complete Mountaineers,' wrote Georgy on October 12th, 'that we do not even look down a Precipice, the edge of which we scramble upon — we take very long walks every day after dinner, Mama sometimes accompanies us upon her Mule, by which we are now thoroughly acquainted with every Château, View, Vine Yard, Lane &c., for many Miles around us; Harriet & I are the Particular Explorers of the Family & to us Mama is indebted for the new Walks we discover, but Harriet is not famous for looking before her, and consequently seldom remembers a Road, and one day we left Mama to her Guidance and she Led her and her Mule into a *Swamp*. There is one disadvantage in walking, which is that the owners of the Vineyards turn the course of the numerous Mountain Streams from their Vineyards into the middle of the Lanes, so that it is difficult to find a dry walk except in the Vineyards and on the Great Italian Road....

'We dined a few days ago at the Château d'Hauteville with a Monr. & Madame d'Hauteville, very goodnatured amiable people, not Swiss but French which accounts for their being so. We were very courteously received, and found the Establishment, Dinner, &c., really à l'Anglaise and the Château beautiful; this was our first début as Mama has luckily escaped the Vevey Society, which is

literally composed of Dentists, Surgeons, Curés, &c., and of the worst character and manners — We have heard of numerous Houses to be lett at Lausanne but have not yet taken one as they have all been objectionable for some reason or other.’

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‘Indeed you do me justice,’ wrote Caroline next day ‘when you say you *know* my anxious wish to live on our Income; God knows, if we do not now, It will not be our fault, for the only reform we could make, would be to wait on ourselves — Adèle waits upon Harriet, Georgy, Muzzy & myself, Thorpe & a Nursery Maid do for all the others, a cook with *no* assistant, & a Housemaid, with a Man & boy form our Establishment, I had forgotten a woman who does nothing but work that I may quite avoid Mantuamakers, &c, &c. I pay every bill, & scold every Saturday but in spite of all, I am sometimes in a state of discouragement that requires my good spirits to shake off; I have really made myself a Slave to every Minutiae of Economy — I think I shall become, at last, narrow minded & stingy & If, after all, it don’t fully succeed — “I shall roll myself up in my veil like Sisygambis,¹ & patiently wait for death.” Don’t you remember the Female Quixotte? All this dearest Mama is entre nous. . . .

‘Will you do me a very great favour, My blessed Mama? It is to get for me, *Barrow’s 500 Questions on the New Testament*, and Joice’s arithmetic with the *Key for the Use of Teachers*. . . .

'Private

'Poor Thorpe is gone into a fit of green & yellow Melancholy, occasioned by the most unjust hatred & jealousy of Adèle. It is too hard upon me, & all of us, For from feelings of affections & gratitude she is treated by us all with every mark of distinction & attention, and it never occurs to me to think of placing her & Adèle on a footing — But she cannot get over a *French woman* having made herself so Usefull, in which she is edged on by the English Nursery Maid! And these narrow prejudices really disturb one's peace more than they deserve. If it was any body but Thorpe, who I really love, I should not trouble my head about it. Adieu, Dearest of souls.

'I use this vile thin paper always, to diminish the weight of my letters.'

Muzzy reported ten days later, first that 'Papa & Louisa are gone to Lausanne for a night to look after a House', and then, in a postscript, 'We have got a very good House & remove to Lausanne immediately. Direct to Poste Restante *there*. God bless you, MUZ.

'Little Amelia [aged five and a half] is sitting by & says "Oh Muzzy I wish I could write like you that I might send Gd. Mama *a note*.'" '

Caroline was delighted at the move. 'I never quitted a place with so little regret; tho' the *locale* is more beautifull, the excessive inconvenience of the House to so numerous a party as ours was more than you can have an idea of . . . not to mention that the system of imposition & illiberality amongst the tradespeople & servants is *unique*. . . .

'You will be glad to hear that we have a very comfort-

able cheerfull House completely furnished, except children's beds, for 120 Louis a year: It is very cheap as houses go, for it has many advantages, extremely clean, the view more beautifull than can be described, not *in* the Town but just at the extremity of it on the Geneva side, close to a most lovely walk & Terrace which the Children can get out upon without going thro' any part of the Town. It has but one fault which *you* would think a very great one, that you cannot stir out without going up or down a hill which is all but perpendicular, luckily it is not a long one, & will keep us all in good wind. I cannot describe to you the delight of all the party — Privation has its advantages, for one feels with exquisite pleasure comforts which, if you are never without, lose more than half their value. The Children have got a spacious airy apartment which appears like a Palace to them after what they have lately been used to, and poor old Thorpe is come to life & resumed her good humour, for she has found an English maid belonging to Mrs. Greathed who hates *the French* (that is to say in *her* vocabulary every thing that is not English) as cordially as she does. . . .

'[I have] had a most moving message from the dear little Prince — The first thing he did [on his return to Brussels], was to enquire If we were there, & to send a message begging we would *come back immediately (a very easy performance)* as he was now settled at Bruxelles. It rather made my mouth water, to speak like the children; However I firmly believe all is for the best. . . .

'Pray, direct to Montbenon, Lausanne.'

A month later, on December 4th, she wrote again:

‘Your account of the cold & scarcity is really distressing. Indeed every English paper we see is full of unpleasant relations, of discontents & Miseries which I always grieve to see. It is not confined to our Country, The same distresses prevail here & in many parts of the Continent — Bread, potatoes, Wine, in short almost every article of Life, is risen in price, & there are Gens d’armes regularly placed in the Markets to prevent anyone buying more than a certain quantity of Potatoes, which is the chief support of the poor. The Cold is very great but has not yet attained what I hear has been felt in the North of England. I have just been wading thro’ the snow to Church where we have the English Service regularly, & particularly well performed by a Clergyman who happens to be here — I always hear with emotion the prayer for our dear good King by this little handfull of his subjects in a distant Country. . . .

‘What you mention of the tops of the Corn being seen above the snow in Ireland reminds me of the scene under these Windows 3 Weeks Ago — The poor Wretches gathering their grapes, or rather their semblance of Grapes, with the snow up to the middle of their Legs.

‘Ly Mary Ross has heard in a letter from Ireland that she & I have given a Ball to the *Princess of Wales*. If there was nothing else to make such a thing impossible, there is that slight objection of her never having been in Switzerland since we have, & of neither of Us having given a Ball to any body.’



THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF UNBRIDGE

On January 25th Caroline received a letter from her 'Dearest blessed Mama' which caused her much misery and grave alarm. 'I don't know what I am doing or saying since I received your precious letter, nor shall I have one instant's comfort or enjoyment till I hear again, till I know & feel certain that you are well. Oh to think of your being otherwise & me at a distance from you! No words can give an Idea of what I feel at the thought! & *very* ill I am sure you must have been, to be in London under Doctor Bayley's care. Pray, My dearest Angel Mother, for my sake, do all that he desires you & remember that my entire happyness is at stake; If he brings you back to your natural health & strength, What shall I not owe him! I shall quite adore him. How I long to fly to you, & the feeling that My Wings are closely clipped, works me to death; but this I *am* determined that the next step we make shall be *towards* England, that I may at least have the power of seeing your precious self occasionally. . . . I think I ought to have *felt* that you were ill — I hate myself for every smile or feeling of pleasure I may have had while *you* were ill at ease — But I have parted with them & every feeling of comfort till I *know* you are well. It is not *living*, the state of anxiety I am in now — I don't know what I shall do, till I hear again, Every day will feel an age to me. . . .

'God bless you, my best dearest of Mothers, If the earnest prayers of a devoted daughter can be of any avail, my mind will soon be relieved from the most painfull

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state of anxiety & suspense it has Ever known, What an angel you are to try, as much as was in your power, not to excite any alarm in my mind — Nobody but you could have written such a letter. Capel & all the children unite in most fervent anxiety about your precious self. If you could have seen the house yesterday Mornng. you would not know the inhabitants to be the same people to day. Adieu, My dearest best of Mothers, I am, more than words can express, your devotedly dutifull & affec. Daughter,

CAR CAPEL.

‘Oh that you could feel the brilliant sun that is warming us, Instead of the dismal Fog you mention — The Weather is so warm we are obliged to open the windows in the middle of the Day.’

More than a fortnight now elapsed before Caroline again heard from her ailing mother. She learnt, not only that Lady Uxbridge was no better, but also that Lady Enniskillen, Caroline’s sister, had died in childbirth on January 26th.

Caroline wrote a letter of comfort:

‘Lausanne, Febry. 15th

‘My Dearest most angelic Mother,

‘To say what are my feelings at seeing your precious handwriting under such circumstances, is so out of the question that I will not even attempt it. You are, as you always have been, an example of everything good, amiable & perfect — The manner in which you receive this last most severe & unlooked for blow, is a proof of what I say, if one was wanting. Was it possible to exalt you in my mind beyond what you are, How must this have effected

it! But that is impossible. It is very true that what encreases one's affliction at the Loss of that excellent amiable being is also a source of consolation, I mean the real worth, the benevolence of her character, the purity of her mind — which was such, that, as you truly observe, her whole life was a preparation for death. It is for poor Enniskillen, your precious self, her poor little moving children, that one's heart is wrung! Oh that I could fly to you! this is my constant feeling, my darling wish that drives every other away — But I thank Heaven for the consolation I have this evening received in your angelic letter, And that you & Jane both assure me that this most afflicting event has not encreased your illness. When will that blessed hour come that I hear you are really better! I dare hope that the prayers of a devoted daughter will be heard & that I shall ere long have this happyness. Till then I shall feel no real comfort, but I will *try* to imitate you, to compose my mind, to hope, to trust in the goodness of Heaven & to keep my rebellious heart in order. I envy my brothers & sisters sometimes in spite of myself — & yet I adore them for every moment of comfort they make you feel.

'Is it possible that you have thought [of] mentioning Algernon's height! I read it over & can scarcely believe it, but you, in common with that dear soul who is gone are the most unselfish of beings. I have not had courage to write to you, I confess my weakness tho' you have never night or day been from my thoughts, till you yourself roused me, till the sight of your writing came like a bright cloud to cheer me. God bless you, Dearest best of Mothers, I wish I could express to you the feelings of

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Capel & the girls about yourself & every event that concerns you. Believe me with unbounded feelings of affection Duty & solicitude Your devoted Daughter,
CAR CAPEL.'

This comforting letter was received on February 26th.

Eleven days later, Jane, Dowager Countess of Uxbridge, aged seventy-five, passed peacefully from this world, leaving behind her a large family of sorrowing children and grandchildren.

HARRIET AND THE BARON

IN a large and elegant wooden box preserved amongst the muniments of the Paget family are a number of love-letters written by Harriet Capel to a certain Baron Trip, whose writing-case it once was. The case came into the possession of the Pagets in circumstances which will presently appear. (See pp. 215-16 and n. 10, p. 241.)

Both Baron Trip and the tragedy of Harriet's passionate and unrequited love for him are constantly alluded to in Caroline's letters, insistently disturbing her peace of mind and adding one more item to the catalogue of her trials.¹

Jonkheer Otto Ernst Gelder Trip van Zoudtlant was born in 1774.² When only thirteen he entered the Dutch army as an infantry cadet, but when in the 1790s his country was overrun by the French he came over to England, and in 1799 accompanied the abortive Helder expedition as aide-de-camp to the young Prince of Orange's father. In the following year he transferred to the British service, becoming a cornet in the 10th Light Dragoons. In 1808 he served as ADC to Wellesley in Portugal and, when Wellesley returned to England after the Convention of Cintra, remained as ADC to Paget, who commanded Moore's cavalry in the Corunna campaign. He became a close friend of Paget's and the next year accompanied him on the Walcheren expedition. For the

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next four years Trip served under Wellesley in Spain in the Adjutant-General's department. By 1814 he had become a lieutenant-colonel, and in January that year at the age of forty was appointed principal ADC to the young Prince of Orange.

Through his friendship with her brother, he was already known to Caroline when she moved to Brussels.

On September 1st, 1814, in describing the members of the Prince's Staff, she had referred to him as 'Baron Trip who I can't bear'. Yet, only seven weeks later, she told her mother that 'one of the People we see most of here, & like the best is — Guess who? Baron Trip himself, who I used to think the most self-sufficient odious man that ever breathed; he must be very much altered, or I was very much deceived, for I now find him most agreeable, amiable, & delightfull'.

Whatever Caroline may have felt about the Baron, it is clear that her eldest daughter could find no fault with him. As ADC to the young Prince he must often have been a visitor to the Capels' house, but exactly when and how her attachment started, we do not know.

The first of her letters in the writing-case was written from Brussels on Christmas Eve, 1814, when she was two months short of twenty-two. It was marked on the envelope: 'To be opened Christmas Eve 1815.' It read:

'I without hesitation commit to paper my sentiments & glory in them, — I am under a full & perfect conviction that time will only add strength & fervancy to them — & that every Christmas day I may live to see, will find me equally devoted to the only Being I ever have or ever shall adore — faithful, unalterable, unchangeable devotion I

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feel & ever shall feel — I exult in being *at the feet of one* who has told me he can never be to me more than friend — Friend! What a cold word for what I feel — No let me be his slave — & I ask from him but pity & compassion —

thou wert, thou art
The cherished madness of my heart! —

&

This was taught me by the Dove
Go die — & know no *second* Love —

H. C.'

Some time in February or early March 1815, the Baron went off to Paris. On the eve of his departure, Harriet wrote him a note:

'Thursday

'I shall not be able to see you a minute alone, I am very unfortunate, but do contrive to see me before you go, — and you go before Friday?

'Je suis si peu d'accord avec moi-même — & am half distracted. — What you said last night made me so happy. Confirm it I beseech you — but be frank — You can perhaps call again before you go — If impossible, write. This uncertainty will kill me.'

'Thursday night

'I had written the above, intending to give it to you when you called.

'Why did not you come? It was not kind to disappoint me — I cannot now mention a time when you could find me alone; but I never go out till about 5, & would not go

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out at all if there was any chance of your coming — One decisive conversation à coeur ouvert is necessary for my repose; & after all that has passed, have I not a right to ask it? — Yet since last night I am much more satisfied.

‘Will you be tomorrow at Lady Ellenborough’s? — As another pastime [?] I send you a bottle of eau d’Ispahan.

‘Adieu.’

It now became clear to Harriet that her love for Ernest was largely unanswered. No doubt he had given her considerable encouragement in the first place, but had failed to follow it up.

The letter which follows (again undated) discloses her increasingly desperate state of mind.

‘I will *try* at least, Ernest, and for once write you a letter *sans passion* — but indeed feeling as I do the task will be a difficult, & I fear, an illexecuted one — I am obliged to write a little bit every day, & take my chance of its going, for I find that [though] the Couriers arrive every day *from* Paris they do not go there near as often — Still without one line from you — without an idea how much longer I am to lead this wretched sort of existence! Ernest, has not your heart *once* reproached you for having left me, without seeing me? Believe me, mon cher cher ami — it was ill judged of you — no parting *could* have given me one half the pain I have felt at this little piece of unkindness & breach of promise — for how *very* often have you promised me never to leave me without seeing me *in person* — the pain of parting would have been comparatively speaking a transitory pain, & I should have been consoled by the reflection of your tenderness and affection, but now I repeat to myself involuntarily &

twenty times in the day "How *could* he leave me in such a Manner!" You never will be so barbarous again, will you, My own Ernest? There is an old saying, Ernest, that absence increases *real* attachment but *destroys* slight ones — oh how *real* must mine be — for every hour you are absent, I feel that I love you more, that you are more interwoven with my very existence! indeed *mine* is *love*, real love — it is, Ernest, & some time or other you will find it out — you will try friends, flirts, & mistresses, & end with *me*, whose every idea, wish & feeling, is contracted into one little point! Mama & my Sisters are gone to sup at *La Beaufort's* — I have been dining with Lady George Seymour, & have rigidly *adhered* to all your injunctions — the only time the subject was mentioned, she began it, by saying that never were two people so *completely cut out* for each other, & that she was quite sure it would be the *happiest ménage*, that ever existed — I could not help loving her for this, Ernest, & then she said that it was *much too late in the day to talk of friendship!* too late, indeed! You, even *perfectly* indifferent, still inspired a more devoted & passionate attachment than ever was inspired before even by the most enthusiastic Lover. How then can you have so little knowledge of human nature as to suppose such feelings as mine should *ever* now find it possible to *cool* into friendship! Oh Ernest! I don't believe *it possible* that any woman should *ever* have felt *cold* friendship alone for you.

'As Lady George said tonight, "I must allow that the *Baron* is by much the most attaching, the most engaging person I know, & I can't conceive his shewing the *slightest degree* of preference for any Girl, without her feeling a

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most *lively* one in return.” Is not this an excuse for me? I will tell you what it is, Ernest, or rather I *cannot* tell you what it is, that is so *dangerously* attractive in you. I very often ask myself questions upon the subject but never can I answer them. I say “is it personal beauty — is it his manners — his conversation — his sentiments?” No, all these of course *help*, but still, the *danger* does not lie in *any* of these, but in a sort of *nameless indescribable something*, that winds *round* and *round* & *round* one, as silk round a silkworm and entangles, irretrievably entangles one, before one is aware where one is — it is *something* which like *Lara*[?] “seems to *dare*[?] you *to forget*” — & then in everything about you, there is a peculiarity which it is vain to look for in any other Man. I have seen numbers of handsome men, some perhaps more regularly so than yourself, mais jamais je n’ai vu dans un autre cet air *pittoresque*, that sort of wild *speaking effect*, which there is in you — as Autissier⁴ said — “Il a un air si *parlant*, si spirituelle, si dégagé!” Then there is a sort of *tendresse* of refinement, of high breeding in your manners — a captivating way of saying every thing however trifling which I never met with but in you — the most common place sentiment in your mouth, receives a new form, a new meaning, & makes a deeper impression, than the most uncommon one would make in *any* body else’s — then above all that *expression* of mind, that liberality of feeling, that *indulgence pour les faiblesses*, that freedom from prejudice, & that independence of principle & action, which *amalgamates* so completely with me! Those amiable tastes and pursuits — your love pour les arbres, les montagnes, et la solitude, that *blazé* feeling about the world, cet besoin

d'être aimé, cet amour pour tout c-qu'est natural et simple! Cet enthousiasme pour la nature et pour une vie paisible — all all this, Ernest — is it to be met with but in you? I tell you — all my life have I idolized in *imagination* such a Being as yourself — hopeless idolatry I confess I considered it, for I thought it impossible ever to meet with such a combination — but *having* found it, shall I relinquish it? No, never but with life, with existence itself — nor *can* I think that I am *destined* to relinquish it — it is altogether so singular a case that in the object of my *peculiar* aversion I should have discovered the imaginary being I have all my life adored, & sought for in vain! This is one of the many reasons which convince me that my feelings for you do not originate in an error of imagination — God knows I was *any* thing but prepared, or disposed, to find you what you are — it was with doubt, with astonishment that I found every day, every hour, unrolling some new quality to admire — to attach — to love; — even after I liked you — long after — I could not *believe* what still every conversation confirmed; — at length the light burst upon me at once, and I remember exclaiming to myself “At last I *have found it!* I have found what I have all my life considered like the Philosophers’ stone — as an ideal treasure!” Can you *now* blame me, Ernest, for loving — for *worshipping* as I do — for wishing to *appropriate* this matchless Diamond? I very often think it is *presumption* in me to aspire so high, & yet surely if appreciating such a blessing renders one deserving of it, I have *some* claims! It is this feeling which would make me so little *troublesome* a wife — I should never *dream* of expecting the *undivided* affection of such

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a Being — I should be grateful for what I had, — I should consider the *least* share of such a treat, as a treasure above all price & therefore should never complain at not possessing all!

‘I have been at my old amusement — reading over your notes and letters — how happy some of them make me! particularly the one I received this day week, in which you tell me that “My propositions are *delightful* & that you have *no doubt but that you shall end* by being of my opinion — that you know all about the country house,^s & *mean to know more*, & that you are *ever ever my Ernest*.”

‘Why don’t you always write so, my dear dear Ernest — this is the language which cheers comforts & consoles me! perhaps you have forgotten by this time, what my *proposition* was — That we should go through a *mock* marriage ceremony, & make them believe it is a *real* one, & so reconcile *all* the prejudices! We will dress up Seymour Bathurst or *anybody* we can swear to *secrecy* in a Surplus & *wig et cela fera* — the ring we will throw into the fire afterwards, & then think how beautifully we have *humbug’d* them. Do Ernest think of this. I am grown most hideous — everybody tells me so, & what all the world says, must be true — who can be otherwise that lives in the constant state of wretchedness & agitation I do! I am going tomorrow to the Painter for the third time — I am only to have two more sittings, & then I shall be finished. I was rather amused the last time I was there — he told me he knew me perfectly well — my name, & where I lived — upon which I began [to] recommend my *secrecy* — “Ah oui, Madame, it is part of *my métier* — it once happened to me to be painting the wife in one

room *pour son Amant* while the Husband was waiting in the other to be drawn for his Mistress, & I never betrayed either." — I rather suspect I have had a narrow escape of meeting *Papa there*, I am quite sure he has been painted for the *Marquise*, for Autissier told me he had just finished the Portrait of an English Man, who came secretly — that he was un bel Homme — a bald head — with dark eyebrows *meeting* in the Middle, tall & large & about 5 or 6 & forty — don't the description answer perfectly? It would have been rather *Merry* if we had run foul of each other.

'I now regularly practise on the harpsichord at four o'clock in the Morning, while everybody is snoring — there is a sort of delight in provoking tears when one is quite alone, which I find grows upon me every day — I think with such satisfaction of the moment when every creature except myself is at rest & happy — I then take a lamp — get up softly — go into the drawing room, & play your overture & all your little *favorite bits* — I have marked the chair you used to sit on & this I put by me — afterwards I go & look at every couch — every corner, where I particularly recollect you — all this soon makes me cry, tears are *such* a relief — then I sit for a little while on the Balcony, & look at the Rue D'Orange, then I walk up & down the room till I am so tired I can scarcely stand, and about 6 o'clock go to bed, till 9 or ten — *dreading* falling asleep, because of the *horror* of waking with my heart beating against my pillow! Oh Ernest, Dont you *pity* me at least?'

The next letter is undated, but seems from the contents

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to have been written about the end of March or beginning of April.

‘We have just heard that Buonaparte is at Fontainebleau! It is dreadful how selfish I am become; instead of feeling horrified at this intelligence my first impulse was *joy* — I thought “If he gets to Paris, Ernest will come back here directly!”

‘Indeed, indeed my situation is a dreadful one! Without any means of hearing from you, or writing to you regularly — either now or in future — worried with a thousand different reports — dreading to ask the truth of any of them — one moment told that the whole army is going to the frontiers immediately, My God! What will then become of me!

‘But surely you *will* come back here? I do not know what I am doing or writing — Ernest, Ernest, have pity upon the most miserable wretch that ever breathed. Have you got a large packet I sent two days ago? In Mercy write to me and tell me something! Will you see me privately when you do come back — you must indeed you must I am quite, quite distracted — Oh Ernest.’

And come back he did.

So far, neither her mother nor father suspected the deep attachment which their daughter had formed towards Ernest, though in early February Caroline had written: ‘Baron Trip still keeps his ground & is here almost every day’; but soon (and how it came about we shall never know) some passionate communication between Harriet and the Baron was intercepted by her father; whatever it contained it is clear that Ernest was considered to have

acted most dishonourably, for Caroline wrote a letter to Lady Uxbridge on April 19th, which warranted indeed the 'Private' written at its head.

'My very Dearest & most beloved Mama

'I know reports fly quick & often with untruth or exaggeration & lest any should reach you, I write myself to say that My dear Capel has had an Affair^e with Baron Trip (Harriet the Unfortunate cause) in which *no* blood has been spilt, Thanks be to Almighty God — I can at this Moment enter into no particulars. You may suppose what the blame must have been to have induced so peaceable a Nature as Capel's, the Father of a Family, to have taken such a Step; The Duke of Richmond was his Second & has behaved in the most perfect Manner — He has drawn up a Short Statement in case the Unfortunate business is ever called in Question, in which Harriet's name is not even mentioned & in which he represents Capel's Conduct as it deserves. Had I wanted any thing to increase My attachment to My dear dear Capel his Conduct now would have done it — God bless You dearest of Souls — You may suppose what I have gone thro' tho' Heaven returned him Safely to me — For *three days* that Circumstances kept the business pending after the challenge had passed, He had to keep us all from the knowledge of it & he did it so effectually that with all My anxiety of Mind I had not the Slightest suspicion — Oh God how thankfull I have cause to be! In the midst of the misery I feel at such a thing having happened in my Family & at *Harriet* being the Cause — Dearest dearest Mama, say nothing unless the business is mentioned to you — I could not have written on the Subject but for the dread that you

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might hear some alarming report. They *both* fired (Capel within a Hair's breadth of his Antagonist's Ear) and the astonishment of the Duke as well as even the Baron's Second at his having fired at Capel is not to be described. I have suffered a great deal but God has given me Strength to go thro' it all & will enable me I hope to bear with patience the reports & illnatured Stories that an Affair of this kind too often gives rise to.

'Good bye, dearest blessed Mama — Capel sends his most affe love & duty — The Children are all well — & I am Ever Your Most devoted, dutifull, & affectionate Daughter —

CAR CAPEL.'

'This Unfortunate affair took place the day before yesterday, Sunday — He beg[g]ed me to have Prayers directly after Breakfast as he had promised he said to call on General Barnes at 12 O'Clock to see him before his departure for a few days — little did I think where he was going!'

Lady Uxbridge in reply asked what truth there was in rumours she had heard concerning another of her Grand-daughters. 'I can positively assure you', answered Caroline, 'that Georgy is in *no scrape* whatever & that she has behaved on the late occasion which has given us so much Misery with a degree of feeling & good sense that does her credit. Indeed I have been unjust both to her & Maria in not having sooner mentioned their deep feelings & good conduct on this subject of distress to us all. As to Georgy in particular She seems as if she could not do enough for me, her attentions are unremitting as if she was trying to make up to me for the Misery I have Suffered from the loss of Confidence & folly of her Sister. "Oh", She says,

"Mama may I die if I ever conceal a thought, word or look from you For I fully see the wretchedness it entails," And she has since had an opportunity of convincing me She is in earnest. Of this however more *anon*. When I write to *you*, I feel so secure that I can almost say any thing, So, dearest Mama, I can tell you the extent of My feelings of provocation — I know to a certainty that *Harriet* might marry at this Moment, if she chose it, that bravest, most amiable, most excellent of Men? Who has already met with a disappointment from *Muz*; & what will perhaps make you laugh thro' your annoyance, I am *sure* that if the latter were to give him any encouragement he is ready to renew the business again with *her* — But no such luck! — He is infatuated with the Family & H, tho' she made him her Confidant & that he is aware of all her errors he still thinks [her] the finest & most Superior of Creatures! Think of her having Such a thing in her power, & also that she thinks of him with the admiration that all who know him do & yet would throw herself away upon a Wretch! I almost believe in Witchcraft, Mama; Sometimes I do not despair, & consider that such wonderfull things do sometimes take place on these sort of Subjects that perhaps her Eyes may at last be opened. Guess whether I pray, whether I ardently pray for such a Blessing! You know Lord Wellington is not profuse in praise, but were you to hear him descant on our friend [General Barnes] you would hardly believe it was him. Paget also, Who had not known him before, on becoming acquainted & having some business to transact with him expressed himself in the most energetic & the handsomest Manner about him — But I don't see why I should go on

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worrying you with what *might be* only to tease you as I feel teased Myself.

“There is one part of your letter, dearest Mama, that I cannot understand to what it alludes — I mean where you hope I shall insist on all future Correspondence with Men ceasing — I am not aware of any, except the one which led to such disastrous consequence & which of Course you must know was a part of the System of Concealment which so deeply wounded me. Is it possible that notes of Invitation which I have desired the Girls to write & have desired signed with my own name can have been turned into Correspondences? It used to be a joke in our little Society the Number of different hands I wrote, It is as likely as not that this has been the foundation of what you tell me — But the Curious thing is that those People who know us all, are always asking “Why is Lady Caroline so *Very* particular? Why don’t she let you do as other Girls do?” This has been frequently Said even to Myself & My answer is “It is my way, & If it is an Error, it is at least one on the right side.” I early saw the sort of Place this was & that certain restrictions were necessary; These have always been in force & I will *defy* any body to bring forward an Instance to the Contrary. I will name no names that I may not be as ill-natured as Some of My Neighbours — But what would you say if you heard of Your Grand-daughters riding out without Father, brother or Chaperone of any kind with 5 or six young Men? & this repeatedly — or if you heard of one of them siting [*sic*] in a public Ball room which had been a Theatre & where the Boxes remained, in one of these Boxes with *a Captain* Somebody who she was flirting with, for half the Evening!

Or if you heard of them walking in the Public walks arm in arm with men & without any Chaperon with them? These things are not one half what I could mention but I think will be more than Sufficient to prove to you (what will come out at last) for truth will at length prevail that your G-Daughters, with the exception of Harriet's late folly are the most *proprietary* & particular in their behaviour of any here — I wish you could hear My dear Sir Edward Barnes on the Subject! He would make you laugh in spite of Yourself — But enough of this; Only pray when you answer this tell me to what you allude, when you speak of letter writing to Men.'

Meanwhile, on May 13th, Muzzy had written to the Baron, perhaps at the behest of her eldest sister:

'My dear Baron,

'I cannot resist communicating to you a little bit of information which I've never heard till this Morn[in]g, but *which* I think, situated as you & my Sister are, it is only fair that you should be informed of; had Mama for *one moment* imagined the use I should have made of it, I think she would have been more cautious in her Communication; namely that when Grand Mama *Essex* dies (which is an event which from the latest account cannot be at a very distant period) we are *all excessively well provided for*, as younger Children, this being a settlement made by Grand Papa *Essex* it is not in Papa's power to withhold. . . .

'You must promise me that the *whole contents* of this letter or even of the letter's existence must be *private* for it will cost me my life & then you will lose a very sincere

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& affectionate Friend, & Harriet her almost only one. The conduct of the latter would I am convinced give you the greatest pleasure, she is become all that is most amiable; the most devoted attachment, as well as the strictest regard to your wishes, is the rule of her actions. God bless you, My dear Baron, believe me ever to remain
Your sincerely affectionate

MARIA ELIZABETH CAPEL.'

Harriet's 'amiable conduct' soon gave way to passionate despair under the stress of the great events of the middle of June. Her next letter to Ernest is scrawled in an enormous hand, and much stained by tears.

'Don't be angry with me, Ernest — oh for God sake don't — I do not know what I am doing — Could you see me even your heart would feel for me — had I known you were here I would not have come to Bruxelles. I will try to go back [to the Château de Walcheuse] tomorrow — you would not know me could you see me — I am so weak, so *gone* — for four days & nights I have neither ate — drank — or slept — I can scarcely hold a pen or walk, without support — Oh Ernest Ernest — *hearing the cannonading* feeling that every shot had perhaps deprived me of all I love — of every prospect of future happiness, not daring to ask a question — never hearing your name mentioned — Oh God Oh God, every wrong thing I ever have done has been sufficiently punished! These are the first tears I have been able to shed — every vein has been burning my head — my heart, all, all — oh Ernest am I never to be happy? Then in this dreadful state to come here to this scene of all my happiness, of all my miseries —

to see all the rest of the staff — to know that you are close to me — and to be unable to throw myself into yr. arms, & at *your* feet to thank God for having preserved you! If I am obliged to stay here I shall lock myself into my room — I would not answer for myself if I was to meet you! — With every feeling worked up to agony, with the bodily weakness of a child! — Ernest, I don't even ask for pity — only forgive your wretched wretched Harriet — oh that one stray shot would end me & my misery at once — ! I ask not for a line a message, only see General Barnes — that I may ask him how you look — don't you now repent of having promised never to write to me — have you *no* feeling for me? . . . Even *Mama* has begun to pity me, even she says she should not know me! Oh to be held but once more to that dear, that precious heart! God for ever bless you — only some time think of me! I who *loves* you Ernest! I will never write again, but surely under such circumstances you will forgive me!

'I have no power left — Oh God, preserve my own Ernest, watch over him, & take *my* life with his! Oh Ernest, don't call me superstitious but I have not been off my knees for four days — if there is a power above, he must hear me! — I dare not even think of you! indeed I cannot live in this state — you will never never see me again.

'My sufferings for the last week have drawn tears of compassion *even* from *Mama* — every day have I taken 100 drops of Laudanum! No you will never see me again I know! — Oh I never never loved you as I do now — Oh *My* Ernest —

'Forgive me — it is *all* I ask —

HARRIET AND THE BARON

Monday or Tuesday.

‘I have told Mama all I feel & she means to send me back tomorrow — so God bless you, perhaps for ever! Oh Ernest! Only don’t forget me!’

Six days after Waterloo, she wrote in a small note book another long and desperate letter.

‘I am writing this, Ernest, *from* the room *on* the couch where you *once* promised to be *Mine* for ever — I have been here above half an hour — recollecting every circumstance of those moments of bliss — *de cet heure de bonheur, too exquisite* to last — I was determined to take one last view of this dear dear room, — don’t be angry with me — I can scarcely write I am so, so ill — Ernest, you *once* said such feelings as mine could not last — do you *still* hold the same language? If you do, read the cruelty, the falsity of it, in this altered appearance, exhausted spirits — ruined mind! in eyes blind — swollen with the tears, which downright bodily weakness forces them to shed! ask those who knew me as I *was* — what I *am*!

‘This, Ernest, is not the language of *wild passion*; but of simple feeling — of a feeling which deep, devoted, unabated as it is, is humble in its demands — it asks but for occasional *recollection* — it only implores that if the love you *once* gave *be withdrawn*, that at least pity may not be withheld!

‘I sometimes think it is *cowardly* to drag on *such* an existence as mine — then the remains of early prejudice tell me that it would be criminal to terminate it. What shall I do? *Must* I continue to bear *that* which every hour renders less bearable? Never never is there a thunder-storm that I do not go to the window & with a metallic

JUNE 1815

conductor in my hand, implore one flash of lightning to terminate my life & my miseries at once!

'I make no parade of my feelings — I *now* scarcely speak of them — I cannot trust myself, but I do feel a silent satisfaction in falling a Victim to too acute a perception — a too fervent idolatry of attraction & captivation, such as no human being, Ernest, except yrself ever possessed! I worship the planet which is too brilliant for me to approach.

'I have touched nothing except a little Vicar of Wakefield & a few old poems. Your dressing table drawer was open & I looked in hopes of finding a comb or brush which had touched that dear *picturesque* brown head — but only found two old combs of my *own*, one which fell out one night on the Ramparts, the other I left in your room myself on that never to be forgotten night! Oh God, whatever my errors have been surely they are too severely punished! I must go — God, God bless you — may all the *pains* of Life be *mine* — all the *pleasures yours*, *this* is my only prayer — & if the moment ever comes when you no longer enjoy them, — *then* call on *me* to love you — give up the best days of yr life to others, I will be satisfied if you will let me stay with you when you are tired of the world. Oh Ernest, God bless you, this dear dear couch where I passed three *such* hours! Where I clasped on a throat whiter than snow the chain which you promised should *never* leave it. Oh God, let this misery be my last!

Monday, June 24th 1815

Canst thou forget the bitter tears
Which I have shed for Thee?

HARRIET AND THE BARON

And all the pangs, & doubts & fears
Which scattered o'er my bloom of years
The blights of misery?

I never close my weary eyes
Unless to dream of thee
My every breath is but the sigh
My every sound the broken cry
Of Hopeless Misery!

Oh when in past & happier scenes
I pledged my love to thee
How very little did I mean
My recompense should now have been
So much of misery!

Then be it so, & let us part
Since love like mine has failed to move thee
But never think my constant heart
Can ever cease to love thee.

*No, spite of all thy cold disdain
I'll bless the hour when first I met thee
And rather bear whole years of pain
Than e'en for one short hour forget thee!*

Still Memory now my only Friend
Shall with her soothing art endeavour
My present anguish to suspend
By painting pleasures lost for ever.

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She shall the happy hours renew
When full of hopes & smiles I met thee
And little thought the day to view
When thou would'st *wish* me to forget Thee.

Yet have I lived to view that day
To mourn my past destructive blindness
To see *now* turned with scorn away
Those eyes* *once* filled with answering dim-
ness.

But go, farewell & be thou blest
If thoughts of what I feel will let thee
Yet tho' thy Image kills my rest
T'were greater anguish to forget thee!

* yes, in this very room.'

And again some days later:

'It is so, so dreadful having no one to whom I can apply to hear of you! — to have every feeling concentrated in one single object, without the power of hearing of it! Oh that some kind creature would put me at once out of my agonies. Is such a life as mine worth having? The only feeling of pleasure I have had for months was dressing the wounds & feeding *two Soldiers* who told me they were commanded by yr. Brother *General Trip*! I heard the dear name, & they drank *yr* health in *Papa's* Claret! Oh how I nursed them!'

For six months Harriet kept rigorously to the no-letter-writing rule imposed on her equally by herself,

HARRIET AND THE BARON

her parents and the object of her love, but we hear of her breaking heart from time to time in her mother's letters to old Lady Uxbridge.

'September 4th [1815]. . . . God alone knows the pains I have taken with her! The anxiety with which I have tried to instill principles that should have preserved her from the errors she has fallen into; and then to see the Labour of Years thrown away, to see so fine a Creature with such abilities, instruction, Talents totally engrossed — absorbed — in an object completely unworthy in every sense, devoid of Religion & of every honorable principle! I believe him to be *every thing* that is *villainous*! To hear her play, which she does better than ever & which was my delight, now goes to my heart; Her [needle] work is the Admiration of every one & far exceeds any thing you ever saw of her doing. Every thing she does, she does well, and all for what? What is my heart made of that it does not break — But I hate myself for saying all this to you. It can do no good, but what your letter says called it forth. I am not surprised My Brothers thought her altered, but I *am* that they attributed it to want of Care in her dress, for about *that*, from *no good Motive*, she is become extremely particular, Berkeley indeed observed the improvement in this respect to herself. But enough of this most painful subject — Nothing but a Miracle can change her heart — & *that* dare I hope for?'

When Caroline's new-born baby died, Harriet quite forgot 'herself & her miseries . . . & has been all & every thing I could wish. She is going for six weeks to the Hague with two of the best & most amiable People I know [the James's] to whom she has endeared herself by her

care & attention to their poor little dying child when its Mother from Agony of Mind & its Nurse from illness could be of no use to it'.

A month later (on November 9th) Caroline received from the Hague 'a Melancholy letter from poor Harriet, for pity her I must; In spite of her Error. It is a Melancholy sight to see a young & fine Creature losing her best days in misery & regret; she speaks with the warmest gratitude of My kindness to her, but says it is daggers to her, & that she wishes I would hate her. She is with such dear & excellent people who are so very fond of her that If any good can be done they will do it — Mais hélas! It is very hard that no Action can escape an illnatured interpretation. Poor Harriet went to the Hague at the earnest request of Lady Emily who was in the greatest dejection of spirits & said Harriet was the only person whose society gave her any comfort. She made it a condition that she was not to be asked to go out any where If Lady Emily from Mr. James's situation should be obliged to do so, & to ensure this, would not take with her any dress but an every day one — And a Letter has been received from England saying how unfeeling it was of her to go & *amuse* herself at the Hague, when her Father was so ill & her Mother so unhappy! Amazing!'

Three weeks later, Muzzy told her Grandmother that they heard 'constantly from Harriet, — yesterday, Mama had a very entertaining letter from her. The Prince of Orange had been to her from the Queen to desire her to play to her and the King, etc — & she was to go the night she wrote'.

HARRIET AND THE BARON

Harriet was still at the Hague when, on New Year's Day, 1816, she broke her silence and wrote once more to the Baron.

'Ernest! before you *condemn* me, hear me! — It has not been without calm & long deliberation that I have made up my mind to take a step which may perhaps be wrong, but which at least from you ought to meet with indulgence — I am determined by one vigorous effort to restrain the expression of all violent & passionate feeling, but oh how I tremble while addressing him whose image fills, engrosses my whole heart soul & mind!

'Do not think that I am going even to attempt entering into a correspondence with you — No, Ernest — I neither require or expect an answer nor will I ever again take a step like the present — Not a Human Being on earth knows of it, & nothing but peculiar circumstances should have tempted me to do it but —

“I have set my life upon a cast
And will stand the hazard of the die.”

'Do not, my Ernest, look upon what I say as the effect of wild enthusiasm, but as the result of impartial dispassionate consideration. I know your present situation, Ernest — My heart is torn with the knowledge that you are not happy. What you may expect from your London friends I know not, but I fear not much — I *know* the value of *worldly* friendships & I despise them — from my Soul despise them — God almighty knows, that I ask you not to make a single sacrifice for *my* sake — but Ernest, if on your own account, you resolve to retire from a world which is unworthy of a being like you — if such should

ever be your intention unless you would carry with you into solitude the reflection that you have *murdered* one *who swears never to survive* such a separation — unless you would be pursued by the reproaches of your own heart & conscience, *you will let me accompany you*. Do not start at this, but listen to me. It is not a *wife* which I ask you to accept — c'est une soeur — une amie — & *as such we will live* — Ernest, Ernest may I not share your fate — it is your sorrows I ask to participate [in], & will you — can you refuse me, can you refuse the attention, the devoted love I would bring you? Oh Ernest, would you but open your arms to me, you would find that you never in your life were loved before — I would stand by you — watch your every look — anticipate your every wish — you should throw all your cares on me. Sell your commission, Ernest, & let us depend but on each other, — in a *middling* situation our being together might cause you additional expence, but in a state of *absolute* poverty we should mutually assist each other. I have hands — strength, & some talents; all — all should be devoted to you, & the proudest as well as the happiest moment of my life would be that in which I laid at your feet, my little earnings. My Ernest, will you still reject me — at the moment when you are perhaps experiencing the lukewarmness de les compagnons de votre jeunesse, will you repel her, who would be the faithful, the devoted, the adoring partner de vos malheurs? Open your arms, my Ernest, to a friend, a sister — rest that dear, that beloved head on a breast which is faithful & constant — let the voice of love, of friendship, soothe every wounded feeling — TRY whether ever man was loved as *you* are loved! My noble-minded

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Ernest, sacrifice an ungrateful, despicable, miserable world, which we both dispise, let us live to each other & mutually support each other. I can, I will work, we will eat the bread of independance. You know, my Ernest, I have none of the wants — none of the fancies of a modern fine Lady — All my energies shall be concentrated to one point, & indeed indeed we shall be happy together — As to my poor Mother she would I know give her free, her joyful consent to *anything* which would *save my life* — *she has told me so* — My unabated wretchedness has conquered her.

‘Ernest — bear in mind that my existence hangs upon you — Only be open — tell Papa your situation — I will tell him my determination, et nous irons où le destin nous mènera — Remember, Ernest, what we *have* been to each other! Oh my beloved friend, there are moments the recollection of which almost distract me — Le premier — le dernier baiser que j’ai reçu de vous, brûle encore sur mes lèvres! — the remembrance of that smile still warms a heart chilled by misery & disappointment, you used to tell me that you liked to be loved! *Can* this be the case?!!! Could I but once more be pressed to that noble, that noblest of hearts! Ernest, Ernest, who appreciates you as I do?

‘Do not let a single human Being know that I have written to you — *you*, at least are not to blame for it — & I of *course* expect no answer — but when you are unhappy think of the devoted tender & unalterable attachment of Her who I trust need not *sign* herself to be known to you.

‘Remember that to *my family* you owe *nothing*, but to me surely you owe a little consideration — at least do not

sacrifice me to them — if *I* can face them surely *you* may — but Mama says she no longer wishes to prevent my *begging* in the streets with you if I chuse it. *She* has given way to my wretchedness — are *you* insensible to it?’

Harriet now rejoined her family in Brussels. ‘I find H—— unchanged in sentiment,’ wrote her mother at the end of February, ‘but much improved in some respects. She occupies herself & undertakes some of the teaching — She has already brought on Jane a great step in her Music, & is a much more sociable being than she had been for some time previous to her departure for the Hague. In spite of herself she looks very handsome & I am altogether (with the exception of the main point) much more satisfied about her.’

And on June 2nd:

‘Sir James Erskine thinks Harriet handsomer than he ever saw her — It is wonderfull that she should be; but we all think exactly the same; There are days that she looks ill, but usually as I said above — I wish I could say as well of her *Interior* — Alas I cannot with respect to the grand point — It is the most inexplicable of all things that ever occurred, the most unfortunate, the most heart breaking.’

Two months later Harriet wrote to old Lady Uxbridge.

‘One line I must write to you, my beloved GrandMama, for I feel penetrated with gratitude for the kindness you expressed towards me, in your last Letter to Mama. Oh do not think that I have ever for one single instant ceased to love you with the fondest, the most grateful affection! Bad as I am, I am not *quite* so bad as to forget you! pray pray love me always, my own dear little Grand Mama,

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however little I may merit it in *general*, still in this instance, I am *not undeserving*.'

And again on October 1st, from Switzerland:

'I cannot let a Mail day pass, my beloved Grand Mama, without thanking you for the unmerited kindness you have shewn me, in sending me *such* an answer, to my miserable Postscript!

'Indeed it is not that I *will* not, but that I *cannot* write — I have no imagination remaining, & every thing which wears the Form of a *Reality*, is melancholy to me. I look upon happiness as all illusion & believe misery to be the only reality.

'You are right, dearest Grand Mama, in not believing the *extent* of what I said about England. I only love Bruxelles better, because I have enjoyed more happiness there, than I ever before felt, or even knew existed — But all this is past like a dream, & I am a poor wretch, not worth caring for — but I will not write any more in this strain — it will only annoy you, & do me no good! Forgive me, dearest Grand Mama, & do not make any reply to it — I am ashamed to say that none can mend me, or make me happier, & it would perhaps be annoying to Mama to know I had said any thing — I have only done so, to explain to you the Cause of my silence, & to prevent your imputing it to a wrong cause. . . .

'Paget [Lord Anglesey's son] has not yet paid us his long promised visit — he is rather dilatory in fulfilling his engagements — however if he *EVER* fulfils them, or even remembers them, he will do more than is done by his sex in general! . . .'

Poor wretched Harriet! How bitter had her great

passion made her; but no one could accuse her of being anything but constant. Her cup, however, was not yet full, for from Lausanne, on November 18th, Caroline acquainted old Lady Uxbridge of the last tragic act in the drama of Harriet and the Baron.

'Georgy wrote to you some days ago, & I was in the Act of sitting down to add some lines in her letter, when I received two letters from Florence with an Account of the dreadful end of that wretched Man Baron T—p. You will easily believe my Consternation. *For between you & I* my poor [Harriet's] sentiments have remained unabated. It was not however his *death* so much as the horrid manner of it that I feared to communicate — and for some hours I determined to use every precaution to prevent this ever being known, but a little reflection convinced me of the impracticability of that, & to be short, she is, poor little soul, in possession of the whole; & is every thing I could wish, so far beyond my hopes or expectations that I cannot feel gratefull enough — could you see her you would forget every error. Want of Sleep & horror at the Act have totally subdued the little spirits she had left, & her anxiety to exert herself to the utmost, her determination to devote herself henceforward to our happyness, & her gratitude for every attention & kindness she meets with, would move you. Indeed Capel's to her are unequalled which she feels doubly, the two first nights he slept in her room because he would not let me do so & he could not bear she should be without one of us. In short, my beloved Mama, I *almost* dare to look forward to the prospect of this fine creature (tho' I say it) being one day restored to herself — I have concealed from her that *he* left a letter for Paget

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[Lord Anglesey]⁹ because she would I know be anxious to hear its contents & Heaven knows what they may be.¹⁰ There are various reports as to the cause of the rash Act — she has heard none of them, & thinks from her knowledge of him & *his Ideas* that it proceeded merely from a weariness of existence & not considering suicide as a crime which (God forgive him) it appears he has often said to her. I know you, my Dearest Mama, will tell me all you can collect on this horrid subject & If his [letter] to Paget contains nothing that can do her any harm to hear, It will be better she should know of it — as she will be sure to hear of it in some way.'

'My poor dear Harriet suffers dreadfully from headaches,' wrote Caroline at the beginning of December, 'she now rides constantly with Lady Mary Ross (the kindest & best hearted of beings) which I hope will be of Use to her — she is very good & does every thing I ask her, but you would not know the once sprightly & animated Harriet! Oh my dear Mama, there are things one wonders one has fortitude to bear! When she has a mind to please me *very much*, she sits down & plays me some of the Irish melodies in a style that I never heard any body like, which brings your dear little person before my eyes almost as much as if you were present, for I remember how you always used to glide to the pianoforte when she played these & seemed to like them more than anything.'

Old Lady Uxbridge now wrote a letter of comfort to her afflicted granddaughter, which drew forth the following reply:

'If *you* cannot read this, *Lord Anglesea* may read it to you.

'My head is still too confused to write, but I cannot resist a few lines to my beloved GrandMama, expressive of the fervent gratitude with which I read her kindest, most affectionate of letters! Oh GrandMama, how little I merit the praise you bestow upon me! how unworthy I feel myself to be of the slightest commendation! The trial has indeed been a severe one — so severe, that I almost wonder how my head has stood it so well, but there are moments when it is still dreadfully confused, & when all that has passed seems like some frightful dream!

'I have felt less calm than I do now, upon far less trying occasions, but it is a calm which proceeds from the complete hopelessness of relief or happiness! from the thorough conviction, that I *have* felt the worst I *can* feel, & that for the future it is out of the power of Man to render me more wretched than I am! I have no more coldness — no more unkindness to fear from *Him*, & He alone could either bestow or withhold happiness!

'After two years of agitation & anxiety, of alternate hopes & fears, there is a kind of comfort even in such tranquility as *this* — my mind feels so stunned, so worn out, that at least it can never again suffer much of any sort, — its best — its warmest affections, have been torn to pieces, & all that resembles enthusiasm is annihilated for ever!

'But I will not annoy you by saying more upon this subject — it is, I know, painful to your kind & feeling heart & it is useless to me — but I must speak to you of the unbounded, unremitting kindness which I have received from those around me — from Papa, Mama, & my poor Sisters! & how little have I merited it from *their* hands &

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how ill do I repay it! There never were such Angels as my Father & Mother & every additional proof I receive of their affection is a cutting reproach to me! It is scarcely more painful to meet with ingratitude than with undeserved kindness & it has been my cruel fate to be rejected by *him* for whom I would have sacrificed every thing, while those whom I have so seriously offended show me nothing but love & forgiveness! *They* do all they can to heal the heart which *He* has broken! Poor fellow! I knew him too well, to feel any surprise at the *Manner* of his death! but on this I can not dwell — it is too horrible — oh that I *could* forget it entirely, but the dreadful scene is day & night before my eyes, nor can I in any way or by any exertion weaken the impression. I wish I was away from this hated place, & that I was with you — I should be miserable to leave my best of Mothers, but still I feel that I *must* be a burthen to them & that the very *sight* of me throws a damp over all their pleasures. The sort of life you lead, would suit me so exactly — It would be such joy to me to devote my existence to you, & to endeavour to be of *some* use to you! but it is foolish to talk of impossibilities. Mama says she should like to send me beyond any thing, but how am I to get to you?

‘There is one Person more I must name — A Person, for whom I have a *peculiar* feeling which I never can have, for any body else in the world — I mean Lord Anglesea. His kindness — his unvaried generous friendship to *Him*, binds me to him for ever & ever — and his goodness to *me* at Bruxelles I never can forget — *now* I feel that there is nothing I would not do, to prove to him, how much — how very very much I love him; — if there is a single

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spark of enthusiasm still remaining in me — it exists for him, who was the first — the dearest friend of that poor unfortunate Being! Tell him so, will you grand Mama — my affection can signify but little to him, but it will gratify me, to know that he is aware of it.

‘I will now release you, my beloved Grand Mama, but first let me say, that not all your kindness to *Me* has left so deep a feeling of gratitude on my mind as that which arises from your having abstained from using a single harsh expression towards him. This forbearance has penetrated me to the heart, & even were it possible that I could ever forget your goodness to me, the recollection of your indulgence to Him never never can be erased from my memory but will, so long as I exist, call forth the most grateful feelings of affection & devotion towards you, who, so faultless yourself, are yet so lenient towards others! . . .

‘Believe me ever & ever yr grateful & devoted Child

HARRIET.

‘Lausanne Decr. 13 [1816].’

EPILOGUE

ON Boxing Day, 1817, Harriet was married in Lausanne to a young English gentleman called David Okeden Parry-Okeden of More Critchell, but she died in childbirth almost exactly eighteen months later at the age of twenty-six. One hopes that, after so prolonged a period of unhappiness, the afflictingly short duration of her married life was completely blissful; surely she deserved it.

Georgy also married an Englishman at Lausanne, but not till 1821, when she was twenty-six; within ten years she was a widow, and on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo in 1831 Mrs. Ralph Smyth, of Gaybrooke, became Mrs. Pierce O'Brien Butler, of Dunboyne Castle, Co. Meath. Four years later she died, in her fortieth year.

Muzzy and Louisa married two brothers of a noble Swiss family. In 1821 Muzzy became Marquise d'Espinassy de Fontanelle, and six years later Louisa married Count Auguste d'Espinassy de Fontanelle; she died in 1842 and Muzzy in 1856.

Horatia also chose a foreigner, but not till she was forty-seven years old. Her husband was the Count de Septeuil, and they were married in Paris in 1851. Thirteen years later she was accidentally burnt to death at Cassiobury, the seat of her brother Arthur, who by then had succeeded to the Earldom of Essex.

Little Janey, who was only eight when her grandmother died, married a doctor (D. Maccloughlin, M.D.) in

EPILOGUE

1833, when she was twenty-five, and died in 1849, aged forty-one. Mary, it seems, was the only daughter to remain a spinster; while Meeny, like Horatia, was in her middle forties before she married. She became the wife of the Hon. Henry Blackwood, son of the third Lord Dufferin, and did not die till 1892, at the advanced age of eighty-one.

All three Capel sons married into noble families. Dolly, the youngest, married when he was twenty-one the daughter of the last Viscount Maynard, and died, aged 86, in 1899. Algernon, who had been nine at the time of his grandmother's death, became a Captain in the Royal Navy. He married into his mother's family, taking as his wife in 1832 his first cousin, Caroline, daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Paget. He died aged seventy-nine in 1886, six years after his wife, who had borne him three children.

Arthur, the eldest son, succeeded his father's step-brother as 6th Earl of Essex in 1839. In all he had three wives: the first he married when he was twenty-two; by her he had three children. She was a daughter of the 8th Duke of St. Albans, and died in 1862. The following year, aged sixty, Lord Essex married a granddaughter of the 8th Earl of Cork, by whom he had a further two children. On her death thirteen years later, he married the widow of his first cousin, General Lord George Paget, the youngest son of the Marquess of Anglesey ('Paget'); and she did not die till 1914. Lord Essex died aged eighty-nine in 1892.

In early March 1819 Muzzy wrote to her aunt Jane Galloway to say that her father, according to the doctors

EPILOGUE

at Lausanne, had but a few hours to live. He was 'in Convulsions or in a state of Insensibility. The Family', wrote Lord Graves [Caroline's brother-in-law] to Sir Arthur Paget, 'are, as you may imagine, in great distress'.¹ On March 5th he died.

Later in the month Lord Graves wrote to Sir Arthur: 'Poor Caroline's is a most melancholy situation. But it is with much satisfaction you will hear that she has receiv'd from private friendship, and affection, at Lausanne every attention and kindness that we could have wish'd. Her family is there held in such respect, that her misfortune excited the attention and sympathy of all the Inhabitants. Poor Capel's funeral took place with every respectful attendance, and I understand Caroline is inclin'd to remain with her family at that place, rather than incur the great expense of a removal at present to this country.' Lord Graves thought that Caroline would probably be better off now that Capel was gone, as his Annuities and interest of debt had taken away most of his income while he was alive; she would now 'in fact have £2000 a year instead of £1200, and as poor Lady Essex [Capel's mother] is not expected to live many Months, her death will add considerably to that Income, and place her, as far as Income is concern'd, in a less melancholy situation than has been her lot for many years'.

How long it was before Caroline returned to England we do not know; but it seems probable that she made it her home for the best part of her long life. She saw four of her daughters married in Switzerland, and two of her sons married in England, and before her death she had suffered the loss of three of her daughters.

EPILOGUE

Caroline Capel had lived a full life and through all its vicissitudes she had always done her duty. She was an excellent daughter and a no less excellent mother; she was a long-suffering and faithful wife, and we can only hope that her twenty-eight years of widowhood were as serene as (and less worrying than) those of her 'beloved little Mama'.

She died at the age of seventy-four, on July 9th, 1847.

NOTES

NOTES

PROLOGUE (pp. 25-33)

¹ Lord Henry FitzGerald, whose amateur acting in the country houses of the great caused Horace Walpole to dub him 'a prodigy, a perfection'.

² *The Paget Brothers*, 1790-1840, ed. Lord Hylton, London, 1918, pp. 5-6.

³ The 4th Earl (1732-1799).

⁴ 5th Earl, the eldest son of Capel's father, by his first marriage. Capel was the eldest of four sons by the 4th Earl's second marriage. The 4th Earl died in 1799.

⁵ Old Lord Uxbridge, however, provided, some time before his death in 1812, £263 a year for the education of Capel's children. This allowance was continued by Lord Anglesey up to the time of Arthur Capel's succession to the Essex earldom in 1839 — *Plas Newydd Papers*.

⁶ *The Paget Brothers*, p. 18.

⁷ At the time of Capel's death in 1819, these two appointments were producing about £2000 a year. His total income at that time was about £4000, but it was 'swallowed up by Annuities granted, and interest of Debt, leaving him only the clear enjoyment of £1200 per Ann'. — *The Paget Brothers*, p. 303. Addington, in offering the West Indies post, wrote to Arthur Paget (who solicited it on Capel's behalf), saying that the income would not be less than £700, after paying for the Deputy. Addington to Arthur Paget, January 4th, 1804 — *Lady Paget's MSS*.

⁸ *Paget Papers*, I, pp. 182-3.

⁹ There was an added point of urgency in that Capel could expect to lose his appointment at Berbice in British Guiana should the pending Peace Treaty (as was expected) give up that country to the Dutch. In fact this did not happen.

¹⁰ *The Paget Brothers*, p. 261.

¹¹ Jane Champagné came of a high-born Huguenot family. Her father was the Very Reverend Arthur Champagné, Dean of Clonmacnoise in Ireland, whose grandfather had fled from France after the repeal of the Edict of Nantes; her mother was a daughter of the 2nd Earl of Granard. In 1767 she had married Henry Bayly (son and heir of Sir Nicholas Bayly, Bart.), whose mother was Caroline Paget, great-granddaughter of the 5th Baron Paget of Beaudesert (1609-1678).* The Barony of

* Great-grandson of the 1st Baron, who served Henry VIII as private secretary, and was an influential Secretary of State and Ambassador under each of the succeeding Tudor sovereigns.

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Paget (and the Earldom of Uxbridge, which had been created in 1714) became extinct in 1769, on the death without issue of the 8th Baron and 2nd Earl. But as the barony was a 'barony in fee' (i.e. capable of transmission through a female), it devolved by virtue of his mother upon Henry Bayly, who was the 8th Baron's cousin. In 1784 he was created 1st Earl of Uxbridge, under a second creation of that title. Thus from being plain Mrs. Bayly at the time of her marriage, Caroline Capel's mother had become first Lady Paget, then Countess of Uxbridge.

¹² See Chapter V.

¹³ At the time of her death she had five sons and five daughters living. All were married, and all but one had a large family. Her grandchildren totalled seventy-five.

¹⁴ The Earl was of a type extremely rare in those days: a man of large territorial and parliamentary influence, devoid of personal ambition. He was very fond of music, which endeared him particularly to George III, and of punning, at which he excelled. He was a very generous father and landlord, though, according to Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, he was possessed of a 'natural caprice'.

¹⁵ Printed in *The Paget Brothers*.

¹⁶ These are preserved in the Muniment Room at Plas Newydd, in the Isle of Anglesey, as are the Capels' letters.

¹⁷ The eldest, who became 1st Marquess of Anglesey, is nearly always referred to as 'Paget' in Caroline's and her daughters' letters, and plays an important part in their Brussels life. Arthur, the second son (already mentioned) led a distinguished diplomatic career throughout the Napoleonic Wars. Edward was one of Wellington's most trusted Generals in the Peninsular War; and Charles was an Admiral, whose exploit in rescuing an enemy ship from certain destruction in a storm, thereby risking his own ship, is depicted in a famous painting by Schetky, called 'The Gallant Rescue' (now in the United Services Club).

¹⁸ Jane became Countess of Galloway; Charlotte, Countess of Enniskillen; and Mary, Lady Graves.

CHAPTER ONE, i (pp. 34-35)

¹ Not including Caroline, born in 1794, who died in infancy.

² *The Paget Brothers*, p. 33.

CHAPTER ONE, ii (pp. 35-43)

¹ General Sir James St. Clair Erskine, 2nd Earl of Rosslyn (1762-1837). At this time he was in command of the South Eastern District, with headquarters at Canterbury.

NOTES (pp. 36-37)

² Francis Charles Seymour-Conway, Earl of Yarmouth, only son of 2nd Marquess of Hertford (1777-1842). As vice-chamberlain of the Prince Regent's Household, he was presumably at Dover to assist in the reception of the visiting Allied Sovereigns. He later succeeded his father as 3rd Marquess of Hertford, and was the original of the Marquess of Steyne in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* and of Lord Monmouth in Disraeli's *Coningsby*.

³ The Emperor of Russia, Alexander I (1777-1825).

⁴ William Henry, Duke of Clarence (1765-1837), third son of George III, became King William IV on the death of George IV. In 1811, he had been made Admiral of the Fleet, and in that capacity he escorted the Allied Sovereigns from France to England.

⁵ Frederick William III (1770-1840).

⁶ Marshal Gebhard Leberecht von Blücher (1742-1819). He had led the Prussians in the advance on Paris earlier in the year, and was to command them at Waterloo. He was nicknamed 'Marschall Vorwärts'.

⁷ This was not the opinion of the fashionable ladies of London, according to Miss Mitford. 'Over him', she wrote, 'the ladies were as mad as maniacs at the full moon . . . To obtain a kiss of the same magnanimous hand [they] threw themselves *toutes éplorées* with nosegays at his feet.' (A. G. L'Estrange: *The Life of Mary Russell Mitford*, I, p. 287.)

⁸ 1778-1854. Half-brother of Lord Castlereagh, whom he succeeded as 3rd Marquess of Londonderry. He was present at the entry of the Allies into Paris earlier in the year, and was ambassador in Vienna during the Congress. On July 1st he was created Baron Stewart. He was a great friend of Caroline's eldest brother, with whom he had served under Sir John Moore in 1808, gaining distinction as a cavalry leader.

⁹ General Friedrich Wilhelm, Baron von Bülow (1755-1816). He commanded a Corps under Blücher at Waterloo.

¹⁰ Prince Michael Barclay de Tolly (1761-1818). Russian general of Scottish descent. He was Alexander's minister of war at this time, and had commanded the Army of the West which compelled the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow in 1812.

¹¹ Hans David Ludwig, Count Yorck von Wartenburg (1759-1830), the Prussian general whose anti-French influence was partly instrumental in bringing about Prussia's declaration of war against France in March 1813. He commanded the Prussian armies opposed to the French in 1813-14.

¹² Karl August von Hardenberg (1750-1822). A Hanoverian statesman, he was forced to quit Hanover because of the behaviour of his wife, who had been a mistress of the Prince Regent. He became Prussian

NOTES (pp. 37-47)

Chancellor in 1810, using his influence to bring Prussia into the coalition against France.

¹³ Prince Anthony Henry Radziwill (1775-1833). He was a member of a noble Lithuanian-Polish family, a musician and composer, and the husband of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia's daughter, Louisa.

¹⁴ Count Matvei Ivanovich Platov (1751-1818). A Russian general who had captured Nemours earlier in the year, and entered Paris with the Russian armies.

¹⁵ Sir Thomas Foley (1757-1833). He was Commander-in-Chief in the Downs at the time. As Captain of the *Goliath*, he had led the English line into action at the battle of the Nile, and had also been present at Copenhagen.

¹⁶ Prince John Joseph von und zu Liechtenstein (1760-1836). Austrian field-marshal, ruler of the principality of Liechtenstein from 1805 to 1836. He covered the retreat from Austerlitz in 1805.

¹⁷ Sir Edward Paget, her maternal uncle.

¹⁸ A cousin of the King of Prussia and Lieutenant-General of the Prussian artillery.

¹⁹ The Prince Regent was extremely unpopular with the masses in England at this time for his treatment of his impossible wife, Caroline, Princess of Wales. The Emperor of Russia, on the other hand, who liked to make himself out a Liberal, was in great favour with the English Whigs. It was as great an object of theirs to humiliate the Prince (who had failed to turn out the Tories when he became Regent) by persuading the Emperor to visit the Princess, as it was of the Prince's to prevent such a visit. On one occasion the Emperor had actually set out to visit her, against the Prince's express wishes, and was only dissuaded by the entreaties of the Russian ambassador, Prince Lieven, and his wife.

²⁰ The emblem of the Bourbons, who had been restored to the throne of France on Napoleon's abdication.

CHAPTER ONE, iii (pp. 43-45)

¹ Part of the Allied force left in the Netherlands, pending a Peace Treaty.

CHAPTER ONE, iv (pp. 45-70)

¹ Thomas Graham, 1st Baron Lynedoch (1748-1843), the victor of Barossa. He had been in command of the British troops sent to Holland in 1813 to co-operate with the Prussians against Antwerp.

² Rue Ducale, 1056, au Parc. This house no longer exists.

³ Lieutenant-General Sir Ronald Craufurd Ferguson (1773-1841), second-in-command to Lord Lynedoch.

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⁴ Of Russia. On his return from England.

⁵ Arthur Annesley, 1st Earl of Mountnorris (1743-1816) and his second wife, a daughter of Sir Henry Cavendish.

⁶ The Emperor's sister, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh.

⁷ Willem Frederik, Hereditary Prince of Orange (1792-1849), son of the reigning Prince of Holland who had been restored by the revolution of 1813. [Whenever the Prince of Orange is referred to in these letters, the son is meant, except where the father is indicated.] Towards the end of the year he had become engaged to Princess Charlotte, the daughter of the Prince Regent. She had broken off the engagement at the last moment, when her father had sent for her approval a list of guests to be invited to the wedding, from which her mother's name was conspicuously absent. She returned the list to her father, having scratched out her fiancé's name.

⁸ On May 30th, 1814, the Allies, by the Treaty of Paris, had, without consulting her, added Belgium to the territories of the House of Orange, causing much resentment to her people.

⁹ Louis-Engelbert, Sovereign Duke d'Arenberg (1750-1820). He was blinded when only 16, having been shot in the eyes by the British Ambassador at a shooting party. He was a distinguished amateur scientist, and in the territories over which he reigned he founded (amongst many other social institutions) a school for midwives. It is said that when Napoleon abolished the old Roman Empire titles, he offered the Duc the title of Count of the French Empire. From that time on the Duc's visiting cards read: 'Le Comte d'Arenberg né Duc d'Arenberg'!

¹⁰ Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge (1774-1850), seventh and favourite son of George III. He became Viceroy of Hanover in 1816. He was certainly the most straightforward and virtuous of Queen Victoria's 'wicked uncles'.

¹¹ William, 4th Earl of Dartmouth, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A. (1784-1853).

¹² A relation of Lord Dartmouth's future wife, whom he married in 1821.

¹³ The daughters of Lord Mountnorris.

¹⁴ General Ferguson.

¹⁵ The Hon. Berkeley Paget, her uncle.

¹⁶ The Duke of Cambridge.

¹⁷ General Ferguson.

¹⁸ See note 7 above.

¹⁹ Charles, 4th Duke of Richmond and Lennox, K.G. (1764-1819) had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1807 to 1813, and, in 1818, became Governor-General of Canada, where he died from the effects of a fox bite. In his youth he had fought two celebrated duels, one with the

Duke of York, and the other with Theophilus Swift, who had published a pamphlet reflecting on his character.

²⁰ Richard le Poer Trench, 2nd Earl of Clancarty (1767-1837), had accompanied the Sovereign Prince of Orange to the Hague in 1813. He became ambassador when the Prince was proclaimed William I of the Netherlands in 1815.

²¹ The town house of the Paget family in Burlington Gardens, built by the late Earl of Uxbridge towards the end of the eighteenth century. It is now the premises of a Bank.

²² The Congress of Vienna, which did not open until November 3rd, 1814.

²³ Charles Greville (1762-1832) and his wife, Lady Charlotte (d. 1862), whom he had married in 1793. He was a grandson of the 5th Lord Brooke, and she was the eldest daughter of the 3rd Duke of Portland. Their eldest son was Charles Greville, the famous Diarist.

²⁴ The Queen of Württemberg (d. 1873) was the daughter of Maximilian I, King of Bavaria. She married William I of Württemberg in 1808, but the marriage was dissolved in August 1814. He was 1st cousin to Caroline, Princess of Wales.

²⁵ Richard Cavendish, 1st Lord Waterpark (1765-1830). He married an heiress, Miss Juliana Cooper, in 1789.

²⁶ The 52nd Regiment of Foot, now part of the Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry.

²⁷ Augustus Frederick, Viscount Bury (1794-1851). Three years before his death he succeeded his father as 5th Earl of Albemarle.

²⁸ The Countess of Albemarle, Lord Bury's mother, who died in 1817. She was a daughter of Edward, Lord de Clifford.

²⁹ Lieutenant-General Forbes Champagné, the Dowager Countess of Uxbridge's brother. He died in 1816.

³⁰ Lord Uxbridge's chief agent.

³¹ The Earl of Uxbridge, her maternal uncle.

³² The 78th Regiment of Foot, now the Seaforth Highlanders.

³³ The Commanding Officer of the 78th.

³⁴ Lieutenant-General Sir Herbert Taylor (1775-1839). One time Secretary to George III, Queen Charlotte, the Duke of York and William IV. He had commanded a brigade under Lord Lynedoch at the siege of Antwerp in November 1813, and was at this time on military missions to Bernadotte (who commanded the Swedish force in Germany), and to the Hague.

³⁵ Wellington (who had been made a Duke three months earlier, though here still referred to as Lord Wellington), was proceeding to take up his appointment as ambassador in Paris. On the way he inspected the

NOTES (pp. 66-74)

defences of the Netherlands, bringing with him two Engineer Colonels to make surveys. Amongst the field positions which he recommended in his report, and of which a special survey was made, was that of Waterloo where less than a year later, the great battle was fought.

³⁶ Frederick Augustus, Duke of York and Albany (1763-1827), second son of George III and Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

³⁷ The chief seat of the Paget family in Staffordshire. It was built in the early seventeenth century, and has recently been pulled down.

³⁸ The National Anthem of the House of Orange.

³⁹ The seat of Sir James Erskine in Fifeshire. He was the husband of Caroline's second sister, Louisa, whom he had married in 1801.

⁴⁰ The foreign secretary was on his way to Vienna, where the delegates to the Congress assembled in September.

⁴¹ Second daughter of the Duke of Richmond.

⁴² Charles, Earl of March (1791-1860), succeeded his father as 5th Duke of Richmond in 1819, having married Caroline's niece, Lady Caroline Paget, in 1817. He had been assistant military secretary to Wellington in the Peninsula, and had received a severe chest wound at the battle of Orthes in 1813.

⁴³ Sir Edward Barnes (1776-1838) had had a distinguished career both on the Staff and in command of a brigade in the Peninsula. He was Wellington's Adjutant-General during the Netherlands Campaign of 1815. In 1831 he became Commander-in-Chief in India.

CHAPTER ONE, v (pp. 71-83)

¹ The Dowager Lady Alvanley (d. 1825), widow of the 1st Lord Alvanley (1775-1804), a distinguished judge.

² The great actress, Dorothea (or Dorothy) Jordan (1762-1816), who was the faithful mistress of the Duke of Clarence, bearing him a number of children.

³ The equivalent of a taxi-cab.

⁴ Charlotte (d. 1842), eldest daughter of 4th Duke of Gordon. She had married the Duke of Richmond in 1789.

⁵ Lord Fitzroy Somerset (1788-1855) and his wife. Lord Fitzroy was created 1st Lord Raglan (1854), and commanded the British Army in the Crimean War. He was the youngest son of the 5th Duke of Beaufort, and at the age of 19 had accompanied Caroline's diplomatist brother, Arthur Paget, on his mission to Constantinople in 1807. He became Wellington's A.D.C. in Portugal in 1808, and again from 1809 to 1811, when he was appointed his Military Secretary. He was one of Wellington's most trusted staff officers, and was present at Waterloo, where he was wounded.

(continued over)

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At this time (1814) he was a lieutenant-colonel in the 1st Guards which formed part of the Garrison. In August he had married Wellington's niece, Emily Wellesley, who died in 1881.

⁶ 1811, when a comet of remarkable splendour was for many weeks brilliant in the northern heavens, especially so in the autumn. Besides being held responsible for the weather of that autumn, it had obtained credit for the excellence of the celebrated port-wine vintage of that year.

⁷ The marriage between Harriet Bouverie (grand-daughter of the 1st Earl of Radnor) and the 4th Earl of Rosebery (grandfather of the Prime Minister), was on the point of dissolution. Lady Rosebery ('Ly. R.') was about to marry Sir Henry St. John Mildmay, 4th baronet ('Sir H.M.'), the widower of her eldest sister who had died in 1810. This she did at Stuttgart, by special permission of the King of Württemberg. (Her younger sister, incidentally, had married Sir Henry's brother in 1813.)

Today we should not think such a thing 'disgusting', nor would it cause more than the mildest sensation.

⁸ Lord Fitzroy Somerset's elder brother (1787-1846). He married in December Lady Catherine Annesley, daughter of Lord Mountnorris, already mentioned.

⁹ The Marchioness of Hertford, mother of Lord Yarmouth (see note 2, p. 229), and the Prince Regent's favourite for a long period.

¹⁰ Miss Arden was a daughter of Lady Albanley. One of his daughters did marry a Mr. Warrender, but not till 1831. Lord Albanley was Lady Albanley's son.

¹¹ Beaumont, third Baron Hotham (1794-1870) became a general, was wounded at Salamanca, and present at Waterloo. He died unmarried.

¹² Lennox. Third daughter of the Duke of Richmond, she married the 23rd Baron de Ros in 1824, and died at a great age in 1891. Her *Life*, written by her daughter, includes delightful reminiscences of this period in Brussels.

¹³ Lady Mary Lennox. Eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond, she married Sir Charles Fitzroy in 1820 and died in 1847. Lord O'Neill (1780-1855) died unmarried.

¹⁴ Lennox. Second daughter of the Duke of Richmond, she married General Sir Peregrine Maitland in October 1815. He commanded the 1st brigade of Guards at Waterloo, and it was to him during that battle, that Wellington said something like: 'Now, Maitland, now's your chance!' though he is supposed popularly to have said: 'Up Guards and at 'em!' (See also pp. 85, 113 and 149.)

¹⁵ Henry George, eldest son of 3rd Earl Bathurst (who was Secretary

NOTES (pp. 79-81)

of State for War at this time). Lord Apsley was a nephew of the Duke of Richmond, and died unmarried in 1866.

¹⁶ Not the Dowager Lady Jersey, mistress of the Prince Regent, but her daughter-in-law, daughter of the 10th Earl of Westmorland. She was a sister-in-law of the Earl of Uxbridge ('Paget') by his first marriage. She died in 1867.

¹⁷ The Hon. Hastings-Brudenell Forbes, third son of the 6th Earl of Granard. (See pp. 131 and 136.)

¹⁸ Colonel George Quentin commanded the 10th (Prince of Wales Own Royal) Regiment of Light Dragoons. In October 1814, he was Court-Martialled as a result of a letter signed by the 'chief part' of his officers, addressed to Colonel Charles Palmer, M.P. (second Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment), in which they complained of Colonel Quentin's conduct. There were four charges of neglect of duty, and Colonel Palmer prosecuted. Quentin was found not guilty on two of the charges, partially guilty on another (for which he was to be reprimanded by the Commander-in-Chief), and guilty of 'allowing a relaxed state of discipline' when on foreign service. As he had already been reprimanded by the Adjutant-General on this last count, no further punishment was called for.

The Prince Regent, having confirmed the sentence, went on to 'censure in harsh terms' the officers who had brought unsubstantiated charges against their C.O. He ordered them to be exchanged into other regiments 'where it was trusted they would learn to confine themselves to their subordinate duties'. Colonel Palmer was included in the censure. To make matters worse for these officers, they were called out by the Adjutant-General at a special parade.

Colonel Palmer raised the matter in the House of Commons (who refused to debate it), saying that Quentin's conduct was the talk of all the regimental messes, and that he 'had the ear of the Prince Regent and had abused his mind'.

In February 1815, Quentin and Palmer fought a duel; neither was hurt. Quentin was wounded at Waterloo. — (*Gentleman's Mag.*; *James's Collection . . . of G.C.'s M.* 1820; *Army List*, 1815.)

¹⁹ Of Cambridge.

²⁰ The sinecure office held by Capel. Berbice is a port of British Guiana. (See notes 7 and 9, p. 227.)

²¹ The widow of Vice-Admiral William Bentinck (1764-1813). She was the only daughter of the 1st Earl Manvers.

²² The Peace Treaty between America and Great Britain was signed on December 24th, and ratified two months later. The two countries have been at peace ever since.

NOTES (pp. 85-100)

CHAPTER ONE, vi (pp. 88-91)

¹ Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Seymour Bathurst (1793-1834). 3rd son of the 3rd Earl of Bathurst and his wife, who was a sister of the 4th Duke of Richmond.

² Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Arthur de Ros (1793-1826), 2nd son of Lord Henry FitzGerald and the Baroness de Ros, and brother of the 22nd & 23rd Barons de Ros. The 23rd Baron married the Duke of Richmond's daughter Georgiana in 1824.

³ James, Lord Hay (1797-1815). Eldest son of the 16th Earl of Errol. He was killed as an Ensign in the 1st Foot Guards at Waterloo, aged only 18.

⁴ The Duchess of Argyll had been the first wife of Caroline's brother, now Earl of Uxbridge, and had divorced him in 1810, marrying the Duke of Argyll soon afterwards. (See p. 117.)

CHAPTER TWO, i (pp. 93-105)

¹ Her sister, Lady Galloway.

² Such a duel had not in fact taken place, but Burdett (a prominent Radical) had been strongly opposed to Castlereagh's desire to declare war on France after Napoleon's escape from Elba, and heated debates in the House of Commons had been preceded by riots in the streets of London. It is easy to see how this rumour arose.

³ Charles Ferdinand, Duc de Berri (1778-1820), son of Charles X and nephew of Louis XVIII. He had married an Englishwoman, Anna Brown, whilst in exile in Britain.

⁴ Louis Joseph, Prince de Condé (1736-1818). Grandfather of the duc d'Enghien who was murdered by Napoleon's orders in 1804.

⁵ Marshal Claude Perrin Victor (1764-1841). Defeated by Wellington at Talavera in 1809. He transferred his allegiance to Louis XVIII after Napoleon had criticized his conduct at Montereau-sur-Yonne, and became Minister of War 1821-23.

⁶ Marshal Alexandre Berthier (1753-1815). In 1814 he made his peace with Louis XVIII, and did not rejoin Buonaparte on his return from Elba. He died a fortnight before Waterloo.

⁷ Nicholas Joseph Maison (1771-1840), made a General of Division by Napoleon in 1812. Remained loyal to Louis XVIII during the 100 Days. Marshal 1828; Minister of Foreign Affairs 1830.

⁸ Louis XVIII's brother (1757-1836), who became King Charles X (1824-30). 'Monsieur' was the title generally applied to the eldest living brother of the King of France.

⁹ Caroline's sister, Lady Louisa Erskine.

¹⁰ Lady Fitzroy Somerset.

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¹¹ Rowland, 1st Viscount Hill (1772-1842); general. He had been one of Wellington's most trusted commanders in the Peninsula, and was his senior corps commander at Waterloo. He had been sent by the Cabinet at the end of March to Brussels in order to restrain the Prince of Orange and his troops from giving any provocation to Napoleon, before larger forces arrived on the frontier.

¹² The gentleman was probably Mr. Horace Seymour, an aide-de-camp to 'Paget'. (See p. 118.) In the middle of May Muzzy had written to Baron Trip (see Chap. V, p. 201): 'You must not be much surprised if you hear that Georgiana is to marry Mr. Horace Seymour. It is not *settled*, but he seems *most anxious* to do so, — & I think Papa & Mama are rather leniently disposed, though it will be *almost beggary*.'

CHAPTER TWO, ii (pp. 105-109)

¹ Part of the force commanded by Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick (1771-1815), who was killed at Quatre Bras.

² A son of the 2nd Marquess of Downshire.

³ Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. (Thomas) Edward Capel, a younger brother of Capel's (1770-1855).

⁴ To the Château from their house in the rue Ducale.

CHAPTER THREE, i (pp. 110-127)

¹ This was in some measure true. The fact that the Allies and France were technically at peace had rendered the ordinary process of reconnaissance by cavalry impossible, and Wellington had to depend on his intelligence service. In charge of this branch was Lieut.-Col. Colquhoun Grant who had so ably served Wellington in the same capacity in the Peninsula. Grant's spies on June 15th received accurate information about Napoleon's intentions, but by a most unfortunate accident their tidings did not reach the Duke for three days, when of course they were useless. Further, the extraordinary measures taken by Napoleon to mask the extent, timing and whereabouts both of his concentrations and of his personal movements, had borne abundant fruit.

² From a letter of June 19th, 1815, written to his mother by Captain Wildman, 7th Hussars, an aide-de-camp to the Earl of Uxbridge, and made available to me through the kindness of Lieut.-Col. Cyril Paget. (The letter has been printed in *The Listener*, June 24th, 1954, pp. 1085-7, and broadcast on the Third Programme of the B.B.C., introduced by Sir Grimwood Mears, K.C.I.E.)

³ Before this, Lady Charlotte's brother, Capt. the Hon. Henry Cadogan, had challenged Paget to a duel. However, when the seconds noticed that Paget's first shot was deliberately 'aimed off', they put an

NOTES (pp. 117-132)

end to the affair, Paget declaring that nothing could ever have induced him 'to add to the injuries' which he admitted that he had already done to the family, 'by firing at the brother of Lady Charlotte Wellesley'.

⁴ See p. 91, and note 4, p. 236 (Chap. I, vi).

⁵ In May, when Lord Uxbridge had been on his way from England, Caroline had written: 'If the Head Quarters of the Cavalry remain here, the footing we are upon will be even more unpleasant here than it could be elsewhere — The foreigners are all very inquisitive & are already asking me 20 Questions about *Mon frère* & congratulating me on his expected arrival — Pleasant! — Where will his Girls be in his Absence? Are they to remain with her [Lady Uxbridge]?'

On June 4th Caroline had met her brother at a ball given, 'for our dear King's birthday', by Sir Charles Stuart, Minister at the Hague. 'Lord Uxbridge', she wrote, 'came over from Ninove* for the purpose — He is all good nature to the Girls — I hear My Lady has some Idea of Coming over, is it true? And that Paget does not encourage it.'

⁶ Lord Uxbridge was created Marquess of Anglesey by the Prince Regent on July 4th, but the announcement was made earlier.

⁷ Sir Alexander Gordon (1786-1815), one of Wellington's most trusted aides-de-camp.

⁸ Her brother and her brother-in-law, who had come over from England immediately after the Battle.

⁹ This was less than three weeks after losing his leg!

¹⁰ An opinion strongly opposed to the truth; both at Quatre Bras and at Waterloo the Prince of Orange made the grossest blunders resulting in serious and quite unnecessary losses of British and German lives. (See, et al., *A History of the British Army*, J. W. Fortescue, X, 383-4.)

¹¹ He was wounded at Waterloo.

¹² Lady Louisa Erskine, Caroline's sister.

CHAPTER THREE, ii (pp. 128-133)

¹ The resumed Peace Congress did not meet in Brussels, but was held, as before, in Vienna.

² Harry Vassall Webster was Lady Holland's 2nd son by her first marriage (to Sir Godfrey Webster, 4th Bart.). He was a lieutenant in the 9th Light Dragoons at this time and an extra A.D.C. to the Prince of Orange. Lady Holland was the famous Whig hostess, wife of the 3rd Lord Holland, nephew of Charles James Fox. The identity of Mlle de Hamm is a mystery.

³ Hon. Hastings Forbes: killed at Waterloo, aged 22. (See note 17, p. 235.)

⁴ *Fr.*: simpering ways.

*The headquarters of the cavalry.

NOTES (pp. 132-157)

* This presumably refers to her fondness for Horace Seymour. Perhaps she had even corresponded with him.

CHAPTER THREE, iii (pp. 134-140)

¹ This seems to have been a family complaint, Harriet making an almost exactly similar request of her grandmother in another letter.

CHAPTER THREE, iv (pp. 140-143)

¹ Capel's youngest brother, Admiral Sir Thomas Bladen Capel (1776-1853). He had a distinguished naval career, acting as Nelson's signal officer in the Mediterranean in 1798. The duplicate dispatches which he carried home after the Battle of the Nile brought the first news of the victory to England. He also took part in the battle of Trafalgar and was specially mentioned in Collingwood's Despatch. He was made C.B. in June 1815, and appointed to command the Royal Yacht in 1821. In 1847 he was made an admiral and in 1852 G.C.B. On May 10th, 1816, he married Harriet, daughter of F. G. Smyth (see p. 154). He had probably come over to Brussels on hearing of his brother's illness.

CHAPTER THREE, v (pp. 144-147)

¹ See Chapter V.

CHAPTER THREE, vi (pp. 147-152)

¹ 'Ci est enterrée la Jambe de L'illustre, brave et Vaillant Comte Uxbridge, Lieutenant Général Commandant en Chef La Cavalerie Angloise, Belge et Hollandaise, Blessé Le 18 Juin 1815 à La Mémo-rable Bataille de Waterloo, Qui par Son Héroïsme a concourié [?] au triomphe de la Cause du Genre humain, Glorieusement décidée par L'Eclatante Victoire du cet Jour.'

² 'The Field of Waterloo', by Sir Walter Scott. A poem written after Scott's visit to the battlefield, and published in October for the benefit of soldiers' widows. It was greatly criticized at the time and Scott admitted that it was a failure.

³ The Prince of Orange married the Grand Duchess Anna Pavlovna in 1816.

CHAPTER THREE, viii (pp. 154-156)

¹ Caroline's youngest sister, married to Lord Graves.

CHAPTER THREE, ix (pp. 156-158)

¹ Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent and Strathearn (1767-1820), 4th son of George III and Queen Charlotte, and the father of Queen Victoria by his wife Victoria Mary Louisa of Saxe-Saalfeld-Coburg.

NOTES (pp. 157-179)

² The term applied to any Flemish pillow lace. Mechlin lace proper (manufactured at Mechlin, or Malines, in Belgium) is very delicate and transparent and is made with a *réseau* or bobbin ground, either of circular or hexagonal meshes, the designs being outlined by thread or flat cord.

³ Princess Charlotte married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg in May 1816. She died in childbirth in November 1817. He became Leopold I of Belgium, Queen Victoria's 'dear Uncle Leopold'.

⁴ The Income Tax, which had first been imposed in 1799 as a war measure, was removed on March 18th, 1816, on a motion of Brougham's. It was not reintroduced until 1842, since when it has been a permanency.

⁵ The famous Whig diarist and politician, who was in Brussels at the time of Waterloo, and continued to live there for some time on account of his wife's health.

⁶ A tippet or cape with long ends coming down in front.

CHAPTER THREE, x (pp. 158-162)

¹ The Duke of Cambridge did not marry Princess Sophia, but Lord Warwick did marry Lady Monson (in October), and Lady Caroline Paget (eldest daughter of Lord Anglesey) did marry Lord March.

² Princess Mary, 4th daughter of George III, married her first cousin, William Frederick, 2nd Duke of Gloucester, on July 23rd, 1816. She outlived all her brothers and sisters, dying in 1857, aged 81.

CHAPTER FOUR, i (pp. 163-179)

¹ (1777-1842.) Eldest daughter of the 2nd Duke of Leinster, wife of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles Ross, Bart. In June Caroline had written that 'A sister of Lady Kinnaid's, Lady Mary Ross, who I hear is a very delightful person, is just gone to Vevey with her Family, which will be an *Agrément*'.

² Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aboyne. The wife of the eccentric William Beckford (1759-1844), whose lavish embellishments to his family seat at Fonthill exhausted a large fortune. The Beckfords lived in Switzerland from their marriage in 1783 until her death three years later.

CHAPTER FOUR, ii (pp. 179-182)

¹ Sisygambis, mother of Darius III (Codomannus), last king of Persia, fell into the hands of Alexander the Great, after the battle of Issus, 333 B.C. Alexander treated his captive with great reverence and generosity, and, when he died ten years later, she starved herself to death.

NOTES (pp. 187-216)

CHAPTER FIVE (pp. 187-219)

¹ This story, though it runs parallel to the foregoing chapters, is placed in a final chapter, for the sake of simplicity.

² The Dutch branch of the family is said to have settled in the Netherlands in the early sixteenth century. An English branch still lives in South-West England. On an escutcheon in the possession of the English branch is the following inscription:

'This Atchivement was given unto my Lord Howard's 5th Son, at ye Seige of Bullogne; King Harry ye 5th being there, ask'd how they took ye Town and Castle, Howard answer'd "I Tripp'd up ye Walls"; saith his Majesty "Tripp shall be thy name, and no longer Howard", and honored him with ye scaling ladder for his Bend.'

³ This and the succeeding letter are undated, but it seems likely that they fit in here.

⁴ L. M. Autissier (1772-1830), a fashionable French painter who lived and worked in Brussels for most of his life. (See p. 195.)

⁵ The Château de Walcheuse.

⁶ In February, Caroline had written that she found duels 'a frequent occurrence here' (letter of February 13th). (See p. 85.)

⁷ Sir E. Barnes.

⁸ What Baron Trip was doing in Italy is not known, nor are the reasons for his suicide. His death certificate, issued in Florence on December 13th, 1816, declares that his servant towards one o'clock in the morning of November 3rd found his master's body lying in a pool of blood with a pistol near the head. 'Investigation', it continues, 'verified that Baron Trip committed suicide.' He was buried in the Dutch cemetery at Leghorn. (*Laman Trip Archives, Den Helder.*)

Lady Granville wrote to her sister that there were various reports regarding the cause of the suicide. 'One of pecuniary distress; one that he was in love with that pretty little Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was a Miss Chichester, and that he sent to her husband to borrow the pistols with which he destroyed himself; and another that upon Mr. Capel sending to tell him he no longer would oppose his marrying his daughter, he avowed a secret marriage and said he had a wife and five children, and then, unable to reconcile the difficulties of this situation, shot himself. It was on returning from a party.' — *Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville, 1810-1845*, ed. Hon. F. Leveson Gower, I, 89. (To Lady G. Morpeth.)

⁹ Unfortunately, this letter has not been preserved.

¹⁰ Whatever was in the letter, it seems likely that the Baron asked Lord Anglesey to take charge of his writing-case, in which were Harriet's letters to him. (See p. 187.)

NOTES (p. 223)

EPILOGUE (pp. 221-224)

¹ *The Paget Brothers*, p. 302.

² *The Paget Brothers*, p. 303.

A Drummonds's Pass Book for the years 1819-1820 shows that Lord Essex made Caroline an allowance of £50 per quarter from October 1st, 1819. Herts. Record Office, R.8741/317 (*Essex papers from Cassiobury*).

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